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August 30, 1930

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

It's Time to Get Up

An interview with
Colonel Leonard Ayres

Kathleen Norris Richard Connell Sax Rohmer Grantland Ric

AUGUST 30, 1930

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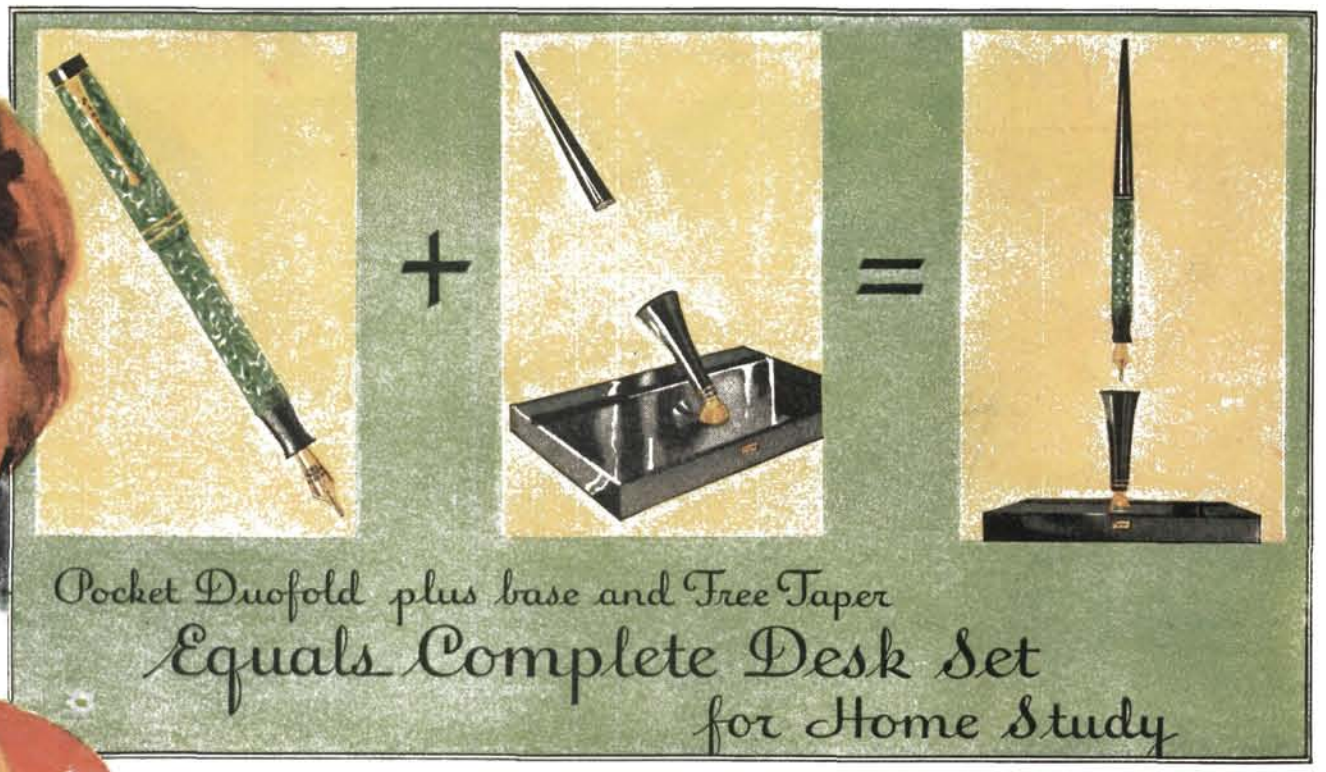
THE FIRST LESSON FOR THE FALL TERM OF SCHOOL



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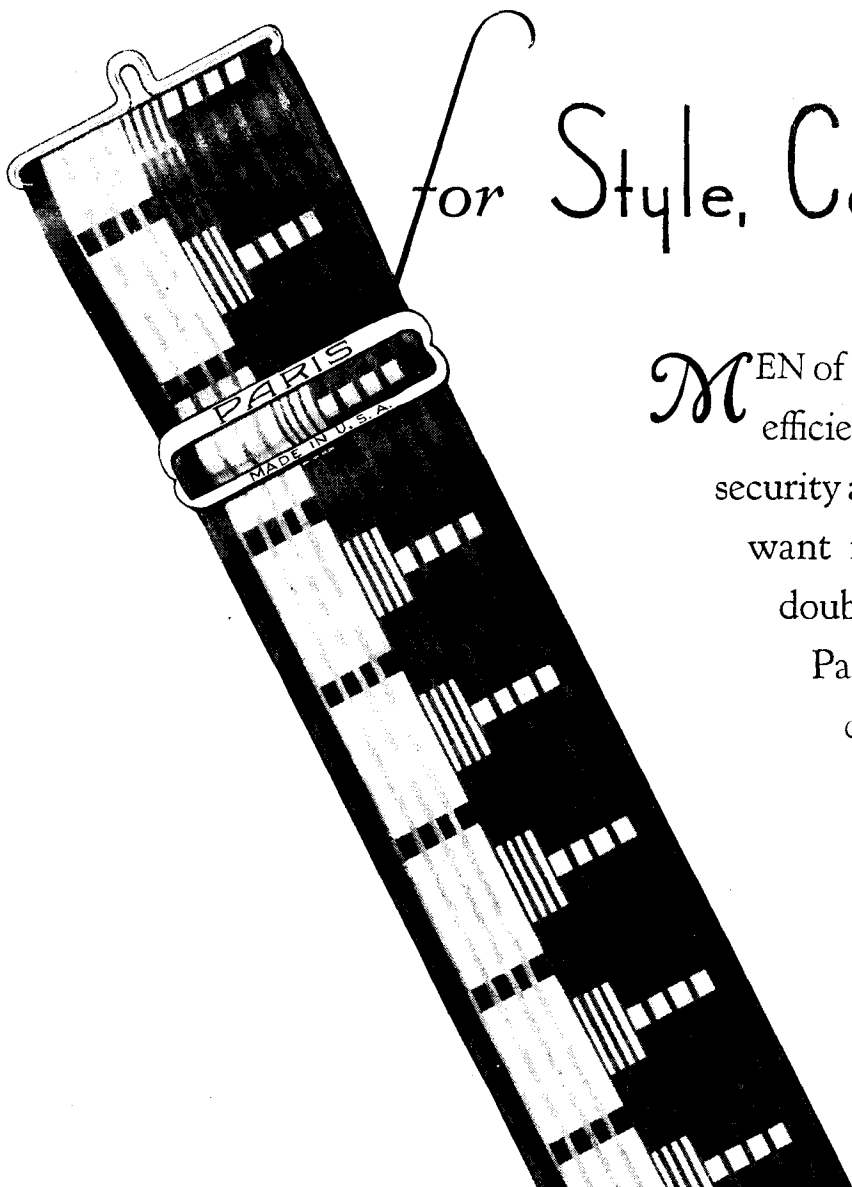

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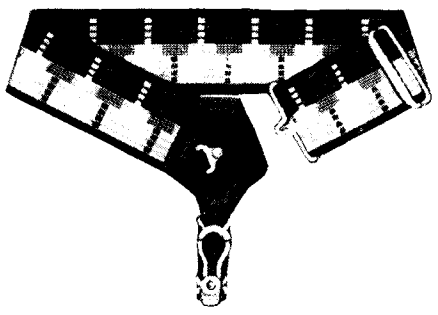

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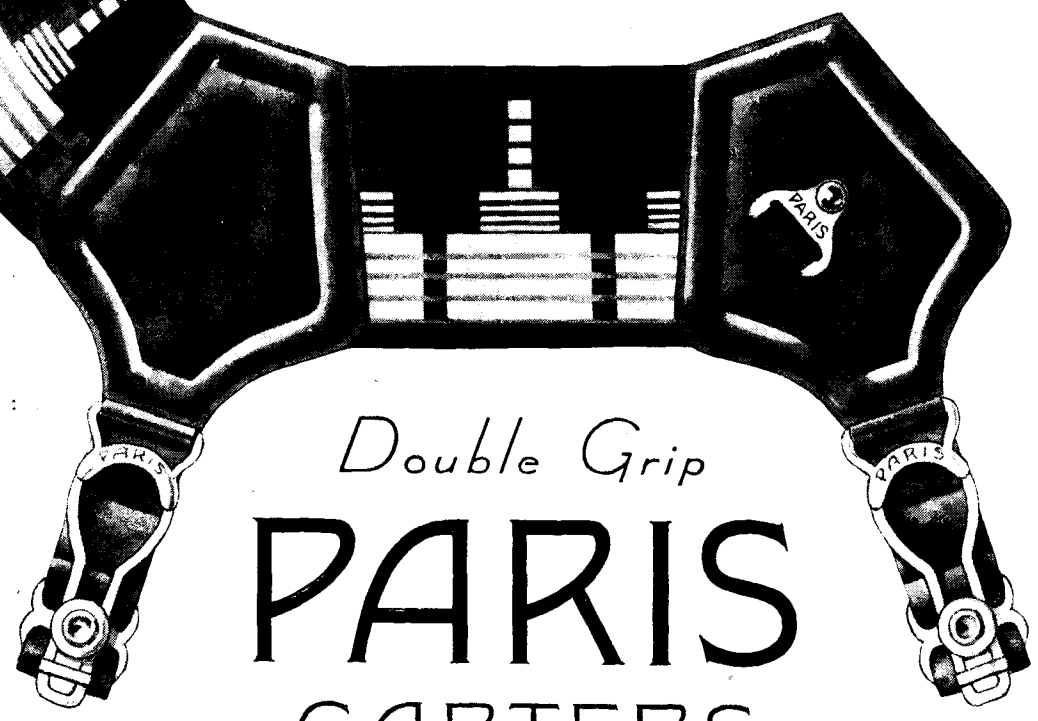

Double Grip

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THIS WEEK

August 30, 1930

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Next Week

MORALISTS and reformers, members of two different schools of thought who sometimes think alike, will hail "The Crack of Doom," by Don Marquis, as a powerful argument against gambling. That fact has nothing at all to do with our *reason for printing it.*

"The Crack of Doom" is the story of the last poker game played by Mason Bridges, who at the time was a promising young business man of Clifford Hills, New York. If you have ever been tempted to risk money on your ability to make two pock-marked cubes disclose a seven on the first roll or to back, financially, your opinion on any matter, you will know something of Bridges' emotions when he found himself at the point where family, fortune, reputation, life itself hung on the markings of a bit of pasteboard.

You don't have to know poker to enjoy the story. All you need is an understanding heart and if we thought you didn't have one we wouldn't print "The Crack of Doom."

—

"THERE is nothing more precious than a good man's honest love." We quote from the writings of Miss Constance Colfax, whose counsel appears every day in the Winsburg Star. Anna Johnson, who worked until lately at the Snack Bar, believed every word Miss Colfax wrote. Her coworker, Lillie, said it was boloney.

Anna's difficulty was in not knowing whether Wesley Strong was a good man or his love honest. There was only one way to find out—a way which would not have occurred to Lillie. This excellent cast appears for one week only in "Reply Paid," by Nina Wilcox Putnam.

—

PROHIBITION, we believe, makes more trouble than indigestion, wife-beating, headaches or arson, some of which it causes. This very unquiet subject is beginning to upset even the sovereign states of Arizona and New Mexico.

Two years ago, Owen White, no stranger in those parts, reported that these two commonwealths were tranquilly enjoying prohibition of the saloon and a fair grade of potable liquor. Progress of the experiment, however, has had the curious results which are familiar elsewhere and doubt and unrest now exist where a short time ago there was only serenity.

Mr. White, lately returned, tells about it in "Anti-Saloon Drinkers."

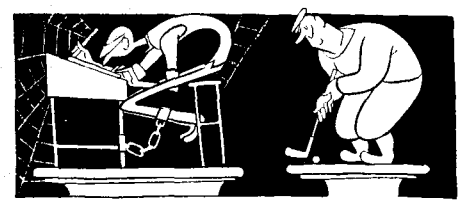
CULTIVATE your voice (one of the Gish girls gave us the idea a few weeks ago in Collier's) by reading aloud "Captain Africa," by Herbert Ravenel Sass. It's a pirate story fully equipped with earringed buccaneers, swords, pistols, a Spanish actress and rich galleons. At the end you will be flatteringly cheered by your audience. Give some credit to the story.

—

ALSO, Elmer Davis, Hugh MacNair Kahler, John B. Kennedy, Dr. Ruth F. Wadsworth, Clinton W. Gilbert, Grantland Rice, Carl Clausen, Kathleen Norris—all deserve more notice than this. Judge for yourself.

Any Week

"WHAT has become," asked Mr. Homer Shoalett of Buffalo, "of the old-fashioned success-story hero who told us the only way to achieve success in life is to get a job early, stick to it without complaint and with twelve-hour industry, and never, never to quit at quitting time? Was he merely the brain child of old-fashioned editors? I'm not in Henry Ford's club but I'm comfortable enough and have held not fewer than twelve jobs since going to work at the age of twelve. And looking over my golf club acquaintances, most of whom at my age have achieved considerable financial success, I find only three who have held fewer than five jobs. One of them tried sixteen bosses before finding one who could start him on the road to the five or six million dollars he owns now at the age of fifty-five. Success comes to the courageous, not the plodding clock-ignorer. It takes courage to quit jobs and brains to know the right one."



A NUMBER of letters about Mr. W. O. Saunders' story of the plight of prohibition in North Carolina have reached us. Mrs. Loma C. Kling of Toledo and Mrs. Mary Keller of Minneapolis advise us that the disregard of our anti-alcohol laws is precisely the same in Ohio and Minnesota as in North Carolina. And Mrs. Kling adds: "Unfortunately prohibition was written to stop our present drinkers *from drinking but shortsightedly made no* provision for the morals of generations to come. The Anti-Saloon League knew nothing of the psychology of youth, to which the forbidden is always adventure."

—

AMONG the naturally large number of readers of Mr. Winston Churchill's war articles was the German strategist, General von François, who was mentioned in Mr. Churchill's review of the fighting in East Prussia. Through Mr. J. M. Templeton, Jr., of Raleigh, North Carolina, we receive the following from von François:

"Churchill correctly recites the historical occurrences in the eastern theater of war. He underestimates, however, the importance of Hindenburg. Hindenburg greatly restrained the action which Ludendorff, in nervousness and too great haste, wished to begin and he also tolerated my so-called disobedience because he knew that it was not disobedience but an obligatory maneuver carried out on my own responsibility because, forward with the fighting troops, I was in a better position to observe the engagement than was the High Command."

—

ALL of which makes us join Mr. Edwin O. Margolies of Stockton, California, in wondering what England has done to stop the world's excess female population from swimming the English Channel.

—

LEAVING just room enough to mention Major Joe White's protest at Mr. Alexander Woollcott's opinion that the Oberammergau play is superior to the Freiburg pageant now trouping our country, and of which the major is the American representative. Curiously enough the major prefers the Freiburg players.

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Schooling Raises Pay

Statistics show that, on the average, high school graduates earn $1.00 for every 72 cents earned by boys with merely elementary education

"Dad, I want to get a job. Lots of rich men didn't go to school any longer than I have."

"My boy, you have heard about only the rare exceptions. You don't know how many millions of men have been barely able to keep body and soul together because they were only half educated and unable to compete with better trained men. You'd better go back to school."

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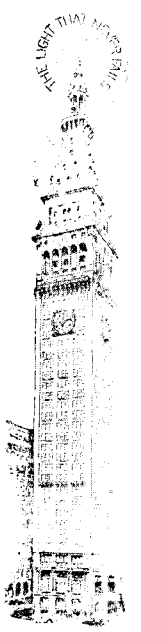
MAYBE it is the boy next door—perhaps it is your own boy—who is eager, restless and ambitious, who would like to quit school and go to work. He is looking forward to the day when he will have more spending money and more independence.

He has read of self-made men who had but little schooling. He sees no reason why he could not do equally well.

Tell him that if he had a chance to talk to one of the big, self-made men of whom he has heard, he would probably be told, "While I was earning a place for myself in the business world I studied at night trying to keep up mentally with my old school friends—even those who went through college."



Before he is permitted to leave school it would be a great thing if he could talk to some man or woman in charge of employment for a big company. He would learn that the better educated boys and girls are given preference, from the outset, over those who quit school too soon.

In almost every kind of work, whether manual, mechanical, business or professional, higher wages and salaries, in the overwhelming majority of cases, are earned by the best educated and best trained.

Apart from the greater enjoyment of books, arts and science gained through education—and just as a matter of cold dollars and cents—education pays the best dividends.

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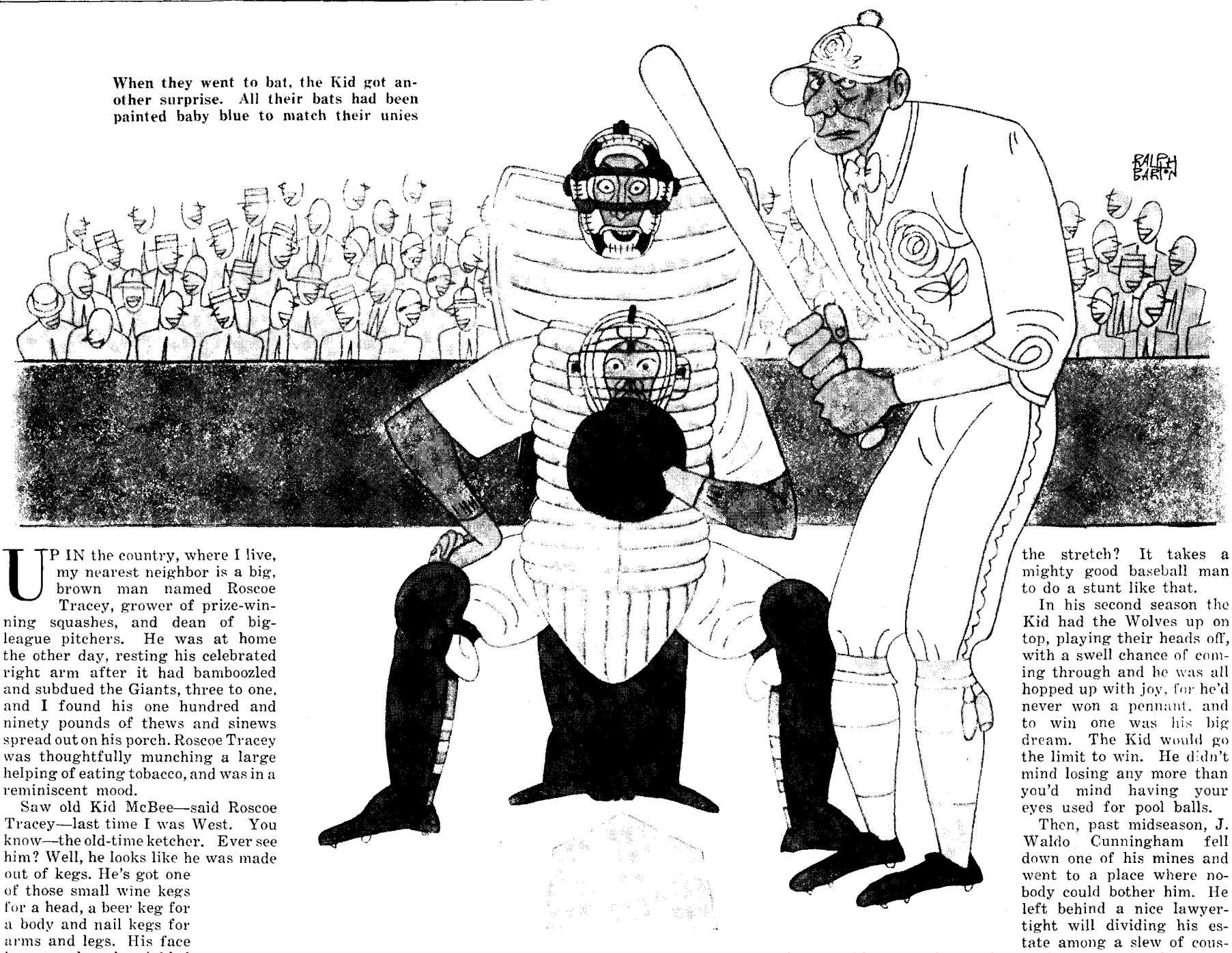

When they went to bat, the Kid got another surprise. All their bats had been painted baby blue to match their unies

Sacrifice Hit

The story of the most heroic boss who ever lived—bar none! We present Kid McBee, Esq., who knew baseball from A to Z—but ladies from A to B only

By Richard Connell

Illustrated by Ralph Barton

UP IN the country, where I live, my nearest neighbor is a big, brown man named Roscoe Tracey, grower of prize-winning squashes, and dean of big-league pitchers. He was at home the other day, resting his celebrated right arm after it had bamboozled and subdued the Giants, three to one, and I found his one hundred and ninety pounds of thews and sinews spread out on his porch. Roscoe Tracey was thoughtfully munching a large helping of eating tobacco, and was in a reminiscent mood.

Saw old Kid McBee—said Roscoe Tracey—last time I was West. You know—the old-time ketcher. Ever see him? Well, he looks like he was made out of kegs. He's got one of those small wine kegs for a head, a beer keg for a body and nail kegs for arms and legs. His face is as tough and wrinkled and tanned as an old mitt. No wonder. He caught for the Baltimore Orioles in the old days when they had a scrappy young third baseman named Muggsy McGraw, and umps kissed their wives and kids good-by forever when they went to work. They were a hard-hitting crew, on and off the diamond, and the Kid was the roughest egg in the basket; and time didn't smooth him any. It has turned the hair on his chest the color of froth on a schooner, but just the same I'd hate to be locked up in a cellar with him tonight, the best man to come out alive. A man's man, all right. No piece of bric-à-brac for anybody's parlor. A ball lot is where he belongs and that's where he has been for more than thirty years. Baseball is his whole life, and if he has any religion, that's it.

He loves the game. And he has proved it. I don't claim to be an expert on love. I'm a right-handed pitcher with a good smoke ball. But I know this: You can claim to love somebody or something, but if you ain't willing to make a real sacrifice, your love is a lot of celery tonic. Remember the saying, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends?" Well, the old Kid has a great love for baseball, all right. He did more for it, I guess, than any man that ever lived. I'll tell you about it.

WHEN I first busted into fast company, the Kid caught me one season, so we're good pals, and every time I'm West we get together for a session. This last time I noticed there was something funny about the Kid. Usually he had a bottle of red-eye at his elbow, while I played the mineral water, as it's bad enough to see one umps behind the plate; but this time it was mineral water for two. And that wasn't all. He'd sort of deodorized his language. Of course it was still pretty ripe and fruity; but it didn't make the doorknobs drop off like it did in the old days. And he didn't spit on the floor. He had a haunted look in his eye, too. I put it to him, as an old friend, to tell me what ailed him, and he told me.

If you follow baseball, you remember the last time the Kid managed the Wolves. It was his second season on the job, and he was doing miracles with a bunch of green bushers, cast-offs and relics. The owner of the club, a gent by the name of J. Waldo Cunningham, wasn't a real baseball man. Just a business man. He'd bought the club because it was cheap, and, as it was showing a little profit, he kept his hands off and spent his time managing his lumber yards, brass mines, egg-plant ranches and other interests out on the Coast. Kid McBee did all the managing and worrying and this suited him fine.

The Kid was a roaring, cussing tyrant, who made his outfit play better ball than they could, and they all respected him, because they knew he knew his baseball. Didn't he, in his first season, have his team in a driving finish for the flag, with only the Athletics and the Yanks nosing them out on the stretch? It takes a mighty good baseball man to do a stunt like that.

In his second season the Kid had the Wolves up on top, playing their heads off, with a swell chance of coming through and he was all hopped up with joy, for he'd never won a pennant, and to win one was his big dream. The Kid would go the limit to win. He didn't mind losing any more than you'd mind having your eyes used for pool balls.

Then, past midseason, J. Waldo Cunningham fell down one of his mines and went to a place where nobody could bother him. He left behind a nice lawyer-tight will dividing his estate among a slew of cousins, and the Kid got a wire from Los Angeles, which said:

"Have inherited ball club stop am leaving immediately to take charge stop M. Breen."

The Kid looked black when he read it, and said:

"I knew a Mike Breen once. Burglar. Mebbe it's him. Only Mike was in prison last I heard of him. Well, whatever Breen it is, I'll handle him."

A COUPLE of days later the Kid was sitting on the bench at the home lot watching his fielders chase fungoes, and scowling at Lefty Haskell, his ace southpaw, who was warming up. The Kid had a grouch on you couldn't get inside a circus tent, as the Yanks had licked him 5-2 the day before, and on top of that a bright rookie had tried to steal second when there was already another goof on the bag. The Kid was gnashing away at his cud and now and then ripping out some remarks that would have singed the hair off a hyena. Then he looked up and there was a lady standing in front of the dugout.

Now, if there was one thing in the world the Kid hated worse than a mush-brained ball player, it was a woman. Any woman. He just couldn't see any use for 'em. I doubt if he'd spoken twenty words to women in twenty years. There wasn't anything about them he liked. They didn't exist for him, except as silly things that sometimes took ball players' minds off their work. So he don't look any too cordial.

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This dame standing there was all gussied up in a lot of fancy clothes, and she was a big, pink-and-white, baby-doll sort of blonde, who didn't hurt the eyes any and didn't look like forty, though she was about that. The Kid gave her an icy stare.

"Well, lady?" he said.

"Which of you gentlemen is Mr. McBee?" said the dame in a high, gurgly voice like water poured out of a bottle.

"I'm McBee," said the Kid, cold.

"Pleased to meet you," said the dame. "I'm Mrs. Breen."

"Well?" grunted the Kid.

"I've come to take charge of the club," said the dame, with a smile that would *have sweetened a vinegar vat.*

The Kid stared at her like she was talking Japanese, and was cuckoo to boot.

"You've come to which?" he said.

"You got my telegram, didn't you?" she said.

Only then did the Kid begin to get it. They say he looked like a man who has found a gila monster in his bed.

"Say, lady," he gasped, "are you M. Breen?"

She gave him another one of those smiles.

"Yes," she said, "I'm Mrs. Melba Breen."

The Kid, for once in his life, couldn't find a word to say. He'd thought of a lot of things the new owner might be and the worst he'd imagined was some sap college professor with educated ideas about inside baseball. But a woman! And a woman like that! All he could do was gulp.

"I know we'll get on splendidly together," he heard her bubble briskly. "My friends tell me I have unusual executive ability. You know I managed the Purple Pollywog Tea Room in Los Angeles, ever since my late husband was called away; and I practically *doubled the business by having the* waitresses tell fortunes from the leaves in the teacups. Oh, I've all sorts of ideas. Of course, a baseball club isn't a tea room, is it, Mr. McBee? Still, the underlying principles of success are the same in all businesses, I think. Now introduce me to the other gentlemen and we'll get right to work—"

McBee was just able to croak:

"Listen, lady, do you know anything about baseball?"

Mrs. Melba Breen laughed gayly.

"Oh, yes, indeed. I understand the game perfectly. When I learned that Uncle Waldo had left me this club, I went to a game. Miss Goodge went with me and explained everything. She's physical director at the 'Y,' you know, and the girls play baseball in the gym there. Of course they use a bigger and softer ball, but the game is exactly the same. Oh, yes, I understand baseball—and the psychology of victory, too—"

It's a shame, the fellas on the bench *told me, that nobody was around to take* a snapshot of Kid McBee's pan at that minute. Finally he was able to say:

"Well, lady, you don't need to worry about this club. I'll run it for you and do my best. So you can go back to your tea room and sit pretty."

"Oh, but I've sold my tea room," said this Mrs. Melba Breen, handing him another smile. "And I'm going to take personal charge of my property. I always say if one wants a thing done well, one should do it one's self. Don't you agree, Mr. McBee?"

McBEE made a sound like a harpooned sea lion.

"Want me to quit as manager?" he growled.

"Oh, no. No, indeed, Mr. McBee," she said. "I'll need your assistance, I'm sure. Suppose we say that you and I will be—co-managers?"

Her smile would have melted anything but a steel rail and Kid McBee. He looked like a man an elephant has fell on from a tenth-story window.

"You're the boss," he said, very hoarse.

"Coöperation—the biggest flower in the wreath of success," she declared. "I used to say that to my waitresses when I gave them their morning Inspiration Talk. By the way, what did you say this club is called—the Snakes?"

"The Wolves," answered McBee, who was proud of the old fighting name.

She gave a little shudder.

"I knew it was something unpleasant," she said. "I can't possibly vibrate to it. We must find a new name at once—something with overtones and the aura of achievement about it. Are you a numerologist, Mr. McBee?"

The Kid made a short noise which might have been "Yes," or "No," or something a lot worse.

But this Mrs. Melba Breen was the sort of dame who talked right along no matter what you said.

"I am," she went on. "It's the science of names and numbers, you know. If one is out of harmony with one's name, how can one be in tune with life? Let me see—your name is Algernon, isn't it?"

"Aloysius," said McBee, in a voice you *could open a safe with.*

"When were you born?"

"July 9, 1878."

"Mmmm," she said, thoughtfully. "Under the sign of the Crab."

The Kid looked it, they tell me.

"What time of day?" she asked.

"I didn't notice," said the Kid.

She pulled a dinky book out of her hand bag and a pencil, and did some figuring.

"Your name," she announced, "should be Cosmo."

The guys on the bench had to stuff their caps in their mouths to keep from howling. The Kid began to swell up and turn purple. Still, a job is a job.

She looked at her wrist watch.

"The re-birth of this club," she stated, "dates from this moment. Now for a new name for it."

She did some more figuring. Then she smiled and said:

"The numbers tell me that from now on this club must be called the Gardenias."

"The Gardenias!" cried the Kid, sounding like a man in a dentist's chair with his mouth full of tools.

At that the guys on the bench had to get up and go away from there. They didn't want to be hit by flying bits of the Kid when he exploded.

Mrs. Melba Breen sat down on the bench beside the Kid. It was like any other big-league bench—a slab of wood in a grimy sort of concrete dugout.

"It isn't very cozy," she said, looking around. "But one can do wonders with a little paint and chintz. I'll put an interior decorator to work right after the game."

The Kid said nothing. She went on:

"Do you fancy heliotrope and lemon yellow, Mr. McBee? They're my astral colors, you know. Would you like heliotrope and yellow for the *décor* here?"

"Oh, yeah, I'd love it," said McBee, helpless for the first time since he left the cradle.

"Oh, Mr. McBee—"

"What?"

"Who is that poor boy who has only one mitten?"

THE Kid, by now, is in that terrible calm state that comes to a strong-nerved man when he's cornered by a bull.

"That's Butch Spreckles, our first-string ketcher," he told her.

"But surely," cooed Mrs. Melba Breen, "the club can afford to supply him with two mittens."

"Ssssh," said the Kid. "Don't let him hear you. He's sensitive about that. He's got two mitts, but he'll only wear one. You see he was brought up in an orphan asylum, where they could only give him one mitt, so he got in the habit of ketching that way."

"Oh, the poor boy," said Mrs. Melba Breen, looking sympathetic. "That tall man shouldn't throw the ball at him so hard. Who is he?"

"Lefty Haskell," said McBee. "He's going to do our pitching today."

"But," said Mrs. Breen, "wouldn't it be a nice surprise to poor Mr. Spreckles to give him a chance to pitch today?"

"Oh, yeah," said the Kid, "it would be a surprise all right."

"Then let's do it!" said Mrs. Breen.

"But he's a ketcher," said McBee.

"He throws very prettily," said Mrs. Breen.

"He can't pitch," said McBee.

"One never knows what unsuspected gifts one has till one tries," said Mrs. Breen, lighting up the landscape with her smile. "So we'll let Mr. Spreckles pitch today."

"He can't," said McBee.

For a plump party this Mrs. Melba Breen has quite a jaw on her.

"Now, Mr. McBee," she said, sweet but very firm, "let us understand each

(*Continued on page 51*)

For a ketcher, Butch didn't pitch so bad. "What's seven runs?" said Mrs. Breen. "Our boys haven't had their turn yet"

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"Wot's the big idea?" Milly demanded. "I'm goin' to 'op it, anyway! I'm goin' *now!* Wotcher lookin' at me like that for?"

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

Limehouse

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Sax Rohmer

IT WAS quite an ordinary sitting-room. On the table there remained fragments of an ordinary breakfast. A bright fire burned cheerily in the grate and a kettle sang upon it. When Milly came in she struck a discord.

Milly was dressed in Whitechapel finery; her facial make-up would no doubt have been considered smart in Limehouse, but it must have created comment in Bond Street—even after midnight. Without it she would have been definitely pretty. Her tawdry finery could not conceal her slim, graceful figure.

She looked around swiftly—furtively . . . then heaved a sigh of relief to find the room empty. Removing her "fur-trimmed" coat and throwing a rakish hat onto a sofa, she opened her handbag and took out a telegram.

It was crumpled, but she smoothed it out and read—how many hundred times had she read it!—as follows:

SAME PLACE TUESDAY. HARRY.

"I'll 'same place' 'im!" she muttered, stuffing the slip of paper savagely back into her bag. "Wait till I see 'im! Wait till I see 'im!"

She began to clear the breakfast litter from the table. She set clean cups and plates. Then—a soft step on the stair drew her suddenly frightened glance to the door.

Grasping coat, hat and handbag, she made for the bedroom.

She was too late.

Li Chang came in.

Li Chang wore reach-me-downs. His black bowler he carried in his hand. So cunningly true to tradition were narrow, slanting eyes; oily, receding hair, and yellow, masklike face from which every trace of human expression had been eliminated that one might have supposed him to be made up, as Milly obviously was.

"Tlea ready?" he intoned, those lizard eyes darting quick little glances into every corner of the room.

"Can't you see it ain't?" Milly returned. "I been out."

She went into the bedroom, returned, and put fresh tea into a teapot which she took from the breakfast table without bothering to empty the stale brew.

Li Chang stood just within the doorway, watching her. Raising the kettle from the fire, Milly filled the pot, and, kettle in hand:

"Wotcher starin' at?" she blazed. "I been after a job, if you want to know!"

"Job?" Li Chang echoed.

He placed his hat on the sideboard and sat down at the table.

"Yes—*job!*" said Milly.

She poured out a cup of tea, then tried but failed to sustain the fixed gaze of those sinister lizard eyes.

"Job," Li Chang repeated. "Li Chang earn plenty money. Milly lonely? Or wantchee leave?"

"That's it," Milly snapped. "I'm fed up, if you want to know!"

"Fed up because Chang bad," the monotonous voice intoned, "or because no see English fiend today?"

"Wotcher mean?"

Milly tried again—and failed again—to outstare those oblique eyes; then:

"No see, eh?" he added. "But *Chang* see, lo!"

Milly bent forward, resting her hands on the table, those hands which looked so delicate, so cared for, so unused to toil.

"Wotcher *mean?*" she repeated, a note of hysteria coming now into her voice.

LI CHANG sipped his tea reflectively. But, always, the hypnotic gaze remained set upon Milly's painted face.

"Chang marry Milly, and thinkee make good girl," he said. "Chang wlong. Milly still bad. Tlee, four hour you keepee wait for him today . . . but he no come! And you wear pletty hat Chang buy, eh? So shame! Bad man!"

Silently, unhurriedly, he stood up, crossed and locked the door.

"Wot's the big idea?" Milly demanded. "I'm goin' to 'op it, anyway! I'm goin' *now!* Wotcher lookin' at me like that for?"

"Chang wantchee talk."

"Open the door or I'll scream the blasted place down, I will!"

"After li'l talk."

He resumed his seat. Milly's fine eyes now registered a terror undisguisable.

"Big English pig no come," Chang said, "because big English pig comee *here* today!"

"What?"

Milly's ejaculation was no more than a whisper. Her cockney accent was imperceptible—a queer phenomenon.

"Getchee teleglam. Come see li'l wife of Li Chang."

"You mean"—Milly bent forward—"*you* sent 'im a telegram? You couldn't write a telegram to save your blasted life!"

Li Chang shrugged—and lighted a cigarette.

"Gotchee fliends," he explained. "Hab long talk—English pig and Chang."

"A long talk?"

"Velly long." He pointed with his cigarette to the bedroom door. "You no look alound in there? No time . . . English pig in sack under samee bed. Tonight"—he stood up—"English filth come steal my wife *sleep in Thames!*"

Milly sprang back from the table. Her face was distorted.

"You devil!" she shrieked. "You yeller heathen devil! I'll put the cops on you! You'll swing for this, as Gawd's my witness! I'll put the cops on you!"

She leaped to the door.

Li Chang threw his arm around her.

"Help!" she sobbed, chokingly—"murder. . . ."

But his cunning fingers stifled her cry. There came a gasp . . . silence . . . a rattling sound . . . silence.

A moment Li Chang stood looking down at his victim. . . .

Then, "Milly" stood up!

Gone was the staring-eyed death mask; gone that horrible recognition of doom. She smiled, and:

"Have we got it right, now?" she asked.

"Fair," the actor who was, for the time being, "Li Chang" pronounced. "You still have a tendency when we're rehearsing that scene to say 'what' after that line where I say 'big English pig comee here today.' "

"I know, dear. It's becoming a positive complex with me! Don't think I don't know: it's painful! But I still do it every time! You're great. But you're damned rough at the end."

"Sorry, old girl." Li Chang took his wig off. "D'you mind if I say something else?"

"Why should I?"

"Well—I'm still doubtful about the way you die!"

"What's wrong with it?"

"It's either too noisy or too quiet: I can't make my mind up which. But it isn't convincing, darlingest."

"We're due for lunch in ten minutes," she said. "I don't feel there's anything wrong with my death, but . . ."

"It's a big chance," he interrupted. "Cochran's going to be in tonight—"

"Rightee-ho!"

SHE crossed to the table, faced him, and:

"I'll put the cops on you!" she screamed.

She sprang for the door. He seized her. His arm went around her neck.

"Help!" she choked. "*Murder. . . .*"

Gasping, she sank down and was still.

"Good," he pronounced. "The 'reserved' stuff every time."

He crossed to the sofa and threw himself back contentedly.

"You've passed my make-up and I've passed yours. Now you've got the death agony all set, I feel happy."

"Milly" didn't move; and:

"Rise up, child," he said. "The last of five curtains is down."

She lay as he had left her.

"Darling!"

Dropping his lighted cigarette unheeded, he sprang across to her.

She crouched in a ghastly, distorted attitude, her clear-cut profile, crudely painted, outlined against the carpet.

"Good God! My dearest! What's the matter?" he cried. "I haven't *hurt* you! I haven't . . ."

He dropped to his knees. He set trembling fingers against her breast, when . . . "Milly" opened her eyes!

"Death all right, old thing?" she asked.

"Oh, hell!" said "Li Chang." . . . "What a cruel pig you are!"

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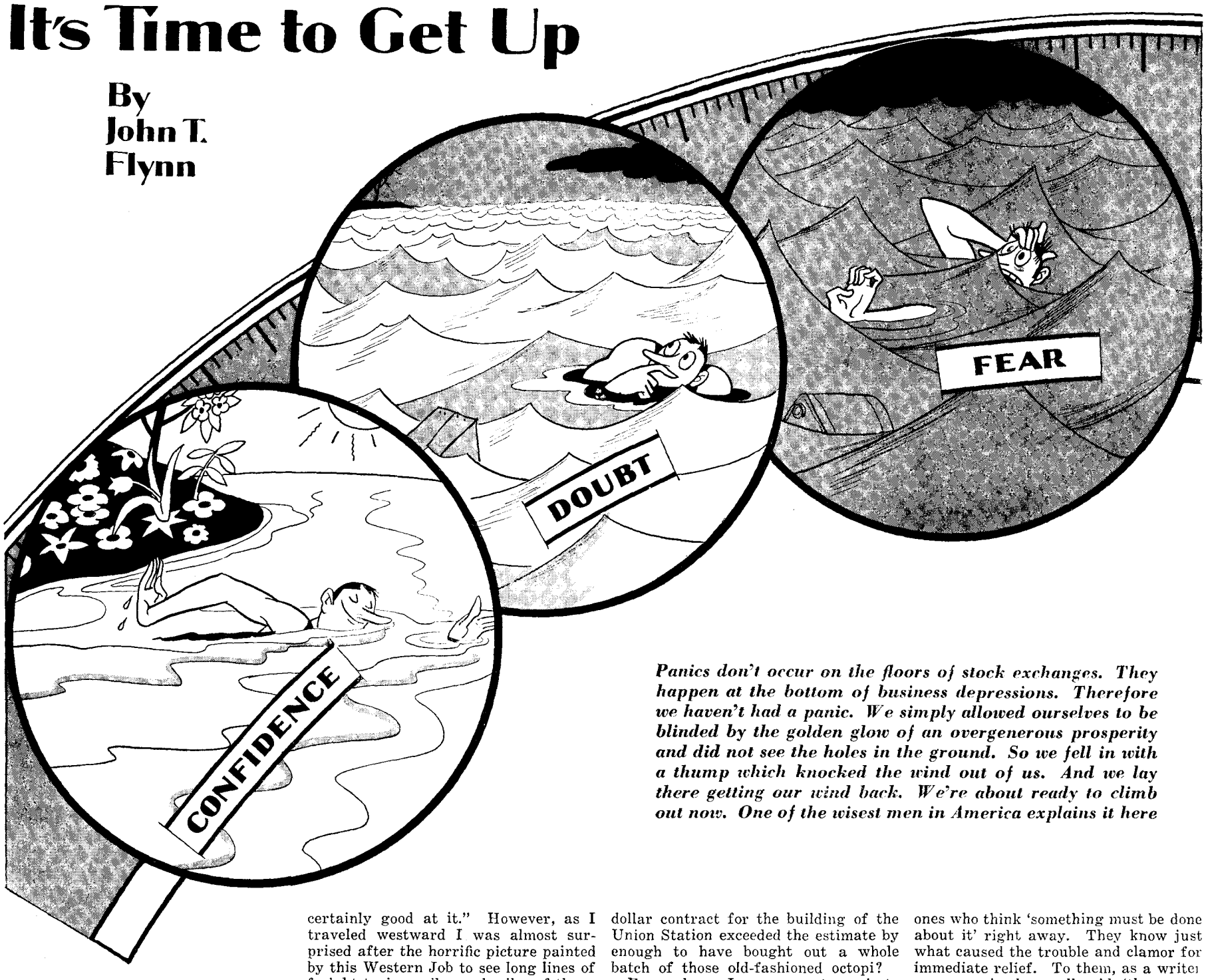
It's Time to Get Up

By John T. Flynn



Panics don't occur on the floors of stock exchanges. They happen at the bottom of business depressions. Therefore we haven't had a panic. We simply allowed ourselves to be blinded by the golden glow of an overgenerous prosperity and did not see the holes in the ground. So we fell in with a thump which knocked the wind out of us. And we lay there getting our wind back. We're about ready to climb out now. One of the wisest men in America explains it here

IN THE midst of good times we are manufacturing the next depression. BUT—

In the midst of a depression we are usually busy manufacturing the next prosperity. That is what we are doing now and we are pretty well along with the job.

That, in substance, is what Colonel Leonard P. Ayres told me when I asked him a question, the substance of which was "Where are we at, where are we going and when?"

Colonel Ayres is vice president of the Cleveland Trust Company, one of the great banks of the Middle West. He has a world-wide reputation as a practical economist and student of business. He keeps the customers of his great bank, with its fifty branches, advised about business. But his advice has been so generally sound that his little monthly bank bulletin, intended for depositors, has come to have a national reputation. It is eagerly sought all over the country and finds its way to the desks of business executives and financial experts not only in America but in Europe as well. As I sat in the smoking-room of the train for Cleveland, a fellow-passenger entertained me with a harrowing account of the "terrible business depression" in the Middle West and particularly in Cleveland. I thought of him later when Colonel Ayres remarked that "when we (Americans) start to put on a performance of business blues we are certainly good at it." However, as I traveled westward I was almost surprised after the horrific picture painted by this Western Job to see long lines of freight trains, miles and miles of them, moving eastward with fruits and produce and grain and manufactured products.

I began to suspect that perhaps, after all, somebody was working in the West. As I came into Cleveland through its magnificent new Union Station, I found the buildings around its famous Square covered with flags. The town was celebrating the opening of that great station which is really only a part of the amazing collection of buildings which the Van Sweringens have built or inspired around the old Square. Grouped about the soaring Terminal Tower, rising 708 feet above the sidewalk, are a great hotel, the Union Station, the new post office, and a great bank building; this vast new development has already cost more than $150,000,000.

Shaming the Octopi

Stretching back from the Square, these buildings and the approaches to the station and bridges thrust themselves toward the flats—that ancient section of old Cleveland around the Cuyahoga River, where, in an earlier day, the Flaglers and Rockefellers and Paynes and Hannas and Mathers and other industrial giants laid the foundations of great industries. Dealing then in a few paltry millions, they were called the octopi. What would their critics think of these two young Van Sweringens whose eighty-six-million-dollar contract for the building of the Union Station exceeded the estimate by enough to have bought out a whole batch of those old-fashioned octopi?

Everywhere I saw great projects under way—the magnificent new prison, a great bridge across Brookside Park, a huge excavation on the lake front for the new $2,500,000 stadium, a subway under the New York Central tracks, another big bridge—the Lorain-Central bridge—down in the flats. I saw the streets crowded, the stores filled with people and plenty of smokestacks in eruption. Well, I thought, there are really plenty of people still working here.

"I assume," said Colonel Ayres, "that you want me to tell you frankly just what I see in this business scene."

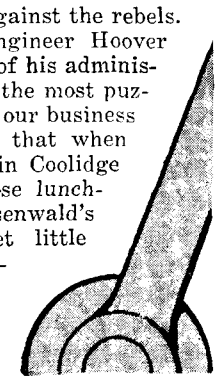
"Seems to me," I said, "we've had enough beating of the big bass drum. All the 'good-times' propagandists are beginning to suspect that you can't make the sun shine by just singing in the rain. I think people would like to know just where we stand."

"Well," said Colonel Ayres, "remember the good-times propagandists are not the only ones in the field. There are the bad-times propagandists too, and I hardly think they are any better. There are the fellows who tell you unemployment is just a little below normal. But there are also the ones who seem to take a joy in proclaiming that 6,000,000 people are out of work. If the census disagrees with them—well, the census is wrong. We are really past masters in the art of wailing and gnashing of teeth.

"Then there is another type—the ones who think 'something must be done about it' right away. They know just what caused the trouble and clamor for immediate relief. To them, as a writer on economics has well said, 'the causes of the calamity are delusively obvious.' And, of course, they look around for someone to blame. There must be a goat. And usually the goat-hunters light on anybody who happens to be in office. Of course, they begin with the President.

Economic Paradoxes

"You know," and Colonel Ayres smiled, "it looks as if Fate had a sense of humor and was playing a practical joke on the two great governments of the world. Here we have Herbert Hoover, the American President, a great engineer and the first President who could be called a commercial expert. England has Ramsay MacDonald, her first Socialist Premier. Yet we see the Socialist MacDonald, arch-enemy of Imperialism, with colonial uprisings on his hands and forced to send soldiers and guns against the rebels. And we see the engineer Hoover faced at the outset of his administration with one of the most puzzling depressions in our business history. I imagine that when Al Smith and Calvin Coolidge meet at one of those luncheons at Julius Rosenwald's they have a quiet little laugh all to themselves—Coolidge because he got out just in time and Smith because he



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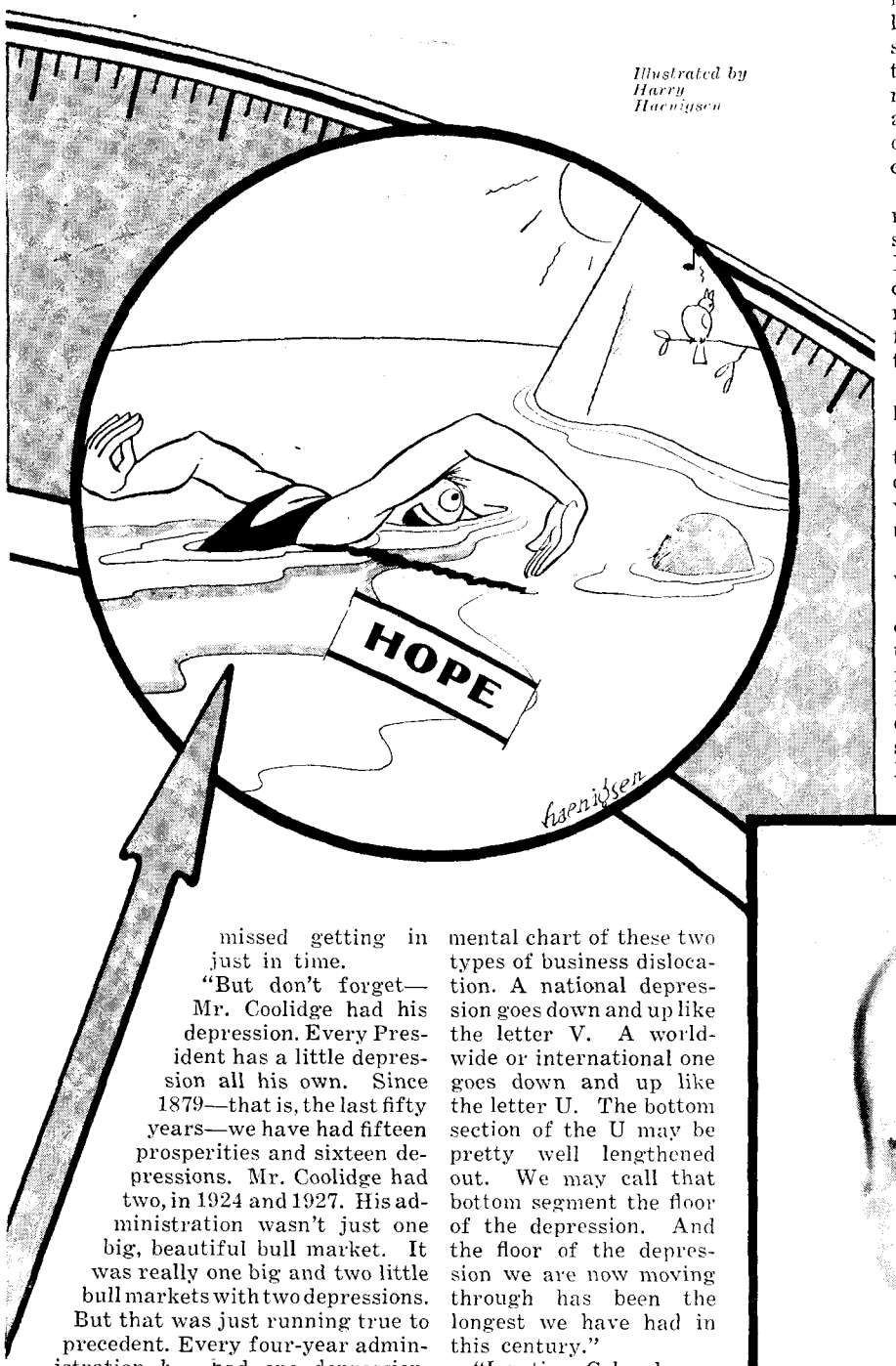

Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen

missed getting in just in time.

"But don't forget—Mr. Coolidge had his depression. Every President has a little depression all his own. Since 1879—that is, the last fifty years—we have had fifteen prosperities and sixteen depressions. Mr. Coolidge had two, in 1924 and 1927. His administration wasn't just one big, beautiful bull market. It was really one big and two little bull markets with two depressions. But that was just running true to precedent. Every four-year administration has had one depression. Every President must surely realize that he will have one. I am sure the thought sits uneasily on his mind. I can imagine him after all the oratory and parades and music and fireworks and compliments of inauguration day pass into silence and he retires to his room to rest and puts out the light—I can imagine him saying to himself: 'What will I do when my depression comes?' For it will come, at least until we have learned a little more about this mysterious thing—the business cycle—which so many people had foolishly supposed had been expunged from our lives.

The Whole World's to Blame

"Now let's take a look at this thing we have been going through. As I see it there are two kinds of depressions. There is the domestic, home-grown brand, which is produced by a collection of local causes. Then there is the international kind—the depression that spreads itself out over most of the advanced countries of the world. The two depressions of 1924 and 1927 were domestic affairs. Those of 1907 and 1921 were world-wide. Now the depression of 1929–1930 is of the latter type. It is world-wide and is due to world-wide causes.

"A domestic or national depression may go down deeper than a world-wide one. But the world depression usually lasts longer. The 1924 depression—which we have forgotten all about—went lower than this one. But this one has lasted longer. You can make a mental chart of these two types of business dislocation. A national depression goes down and up like the letter V. A world-wide or international one goes down and up like the letter U. The bottom section of the U may be pretty well lengthened out. We may call that bottom segment the floor of the depression. And the floor of the depression we are now moving through has been the longest we have had in this century."

"I notice, Colonel, you speak of depressions. You do not use the word 'panic,'" I said.

"Oh, no!" he said. "Every now and then I hear someone use the word 'panic.' This generation does not know what a panic means. We speak of the wild scenes on the floor of the stock exchange as a panic. And of course a mob of excited speculators rushing for the stock exchange to unload in a hurry bears a very close resemblance to a panic.

"Our real panics have taken place, not on the floor of the stock exchange, but on the floor of our depression.

"Let me tell you a story: Some years ago a retired Cleveland business man told me of the panic of 1893. He was a steel manufacturer then. He saw that panic coming on. He had seen others and he knew what it would mean. He closed his mill promptly. But it wasn't just a case of closing down. It was a case of keeping out of bankruptcy. Knowing what he faced, he loaded a spring wagon with apples and corn meal and stored them in his cellar. For the balance of the winter he and his wife lived on that—apples and corn meal. He had absolutely no money to spend. This was not a laboring man. He was the owner of a good business.

"No, we don't have any more panics. We have learned something about this mysterious business cycle. We have learned, at least, how to manage to some extent the flow of money. And that saves us from panics. But it does not save us from depressions. But they are really very mild compared with the old tragic depressions before the Federal Reserve Act was passed.

"Now, you ask me where we stand now. Well, I think I see in all depressions four fairly well-defined phases: First there is prosperity; second, decline. Next comes depression and then recovery. Described a bit differently, the first phase is confidence, the second doubt, the third fear and the fourth hope."

"I note you include prosperity as a phase of depression," I commented.

"Yes, it is while we are prosperous that we begin to produce the elements of depression. There is an Arab proverb which runs: 'It is the sunshine which makes the desert.'"

"But let me stop you long enough to ask what you mean by prosperity," I put in.

"Prosperity! Well, you are prosperous when you are working for enough to live on decently and have a little more. And so I should say the country is prosperous when there is work for every man who wants to work at wages sufficient to afford him a living—and a little bit more. It is that little bit more which makes him feel good and which produces the feeling of confidence which is an element of prosperity. Well, sad to relate, it is in that confidence that the first seeds of depression are sown. Confidence spreads around, everybody is riding high, and everybody begins to produce as much as he can of everything, and as fast as he can in order to get as much of that prosperity as he can. He wants to get *while the getting is good*. One of the things he gets is a surplus. The next thing he gets is a pain like the one the greedy little boy who tries to eat too much gets. He has business indigestion.

"The next phase is decline, which begins in doubt. From acting as if the good times would never end, men here and there begin to wonder if they can last. Producers have been, in their eagerness, producing too much. They cannot sell it all. They are overstocked. A few of them suspend operations for a while. That means they stop buying and their suspended workers stop buying. Purchasing power is impaired. The people who are still working also begin to find they are overstocked. They have bought too much. They owe too much. They decide to retrench. They stop buying. More cuts in the purchasing power. More factories drop out or cut down. But here is the important thing: All this goes on without anybody noticing it. Meanwhile factories go on producing without having observed this phenomenon. *Production goes on after consumption has slowed up.* Even the stock market doesn't notice it. We used to think the market was a good barometer. But you see it did not notice the decline in business last year until months after it had set in. And this year it proceeded to rise—thus forecasting a return of prosperity when there was no returning prosperity, so it had to do a little collapsing again.

Frank R. Bill

Colonel Leonard P. Ayres, hard-headed student of business

Where the Up-Grade Begins

"The next stage is the depression. This takes a good while to develop. At first men are busy telling the world that everything is all right. They cling to the hope that all will blow over soon and they try to carry on. But slowly the depression gathers around. Then comes a kind of general, universal recognition, with dismay, that it is here in earnest. Now arises the emotion of fear. Things were brighter-looking than they were. Now they look darker than they are. The blue chorus gets into action. This is the last phase of the depression. That is the phase through which we have been moving. After this, as the old movie titles used to have it, comes the dawn.

"This is the reason why men have seemed to be more pessimistic in these last few months than at first. They were in the clutch of the fear phase of the cycle. But that is always the hour before the dawn. Oddly enough, in these mysterious industrial episodes, fear is the beginning of hope. And this phase is generally marked by a kind of final spasm of retrenchment in business, a general, desperate, pervasive closing-down. Perhaps a way can be found some day to avert this. But as things stand it is the thing which supplies the motive power for the beginning of the upward flight. The factory lay-offs coming in July, after all the false optimism of the stock market had been swept away, created perhaps the most discouraging phase of the recession. To the man who does not understand the private life of a depression this is disheartening. To the man who knows, it is a profoundly stimulating and encouraging condition. He knows that the upward movement is just ahead."

I interrupted here to ask about unemployment.

"Well, of course, this has been a fertile field for the exaggerator on both sides. We always have a very large amount of unemployment. The ideal of a job for every man and a man in that job is never attained. We did not attain it back in 1918 when everybody seemed to be at work and we were begging for men. There were many idle last year at the peak of prosperity. Of course, there are more idle now, but every indication points to the correctness of the census figures. After all, most of the exaggerated estimates come from large cities which at such times become focal points for people out of

(*Continued on page 42*)

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After the Bob

The feminine world votes for repeal, modification and enforcement of last year's bob. But the enforcers are losing out in this battle of the inches

By Betty Thornley

BUT, Mary," wails that pretty little Mrs. Brown, "I did try—honestly I did—for a whole month. Then I just couldn't stand those ends sticking down under my béret when I played golf! Bill said I put him off his stroke, everlastingly clawing at them. So I went back and had my hair cut in the same old bob."

"It wasn't golf that decided me," says Mrs. Jones. "I simply hadn't the courage to pass a mirror. Maybe it would have turned out all right if I'd kept on. But I looked like nothing earthly in the in-between stage. So I came home from the theater one night, and I just up and hacked it off myself. Pierre tells me that's as far as most of his clients get."

"Personally I think long hair is the bunk," this from Miss Smith, who dives into the conversation with her customary decision. "I never even tried it. You ladies of leisure are in one class, and I'm in another. When I sell real estate, I'm in competition with men, and I haven't any time for hairpins."

A charming long-short coiffure in which the two deep waves at either side have been carried to the extreme edge of the hair

This effective arrangement (two pictures at left) for hair of shoulder length features a flat chignon across the back. The sides are permanently rolled and adjusted to reveal the ears

A distinctly youthful treatment for the halfway length of hair, which is waved across the back and the ends curled up into a row of ringlets

Siégel (Paris) Heads. Transformations by Charles Bock

Photographs by Anton Bruehl

"And yet," Mrs. Brown's voice is rather wistful, "have you seen Julia? She's done it—she really has. The other night at the Country Club dance she was simply wonderful—one of those new white organdie evening dresses, the most fragile, feminine sort of thing that would have been perfectly lovely on me. I wanted to take it right off her back until I remembered my hair. The two wouldn't have gone together at all. . . . What *are* we going to do?"

Mrs. Jones shakes her head; she doesn't know. But she wishes she did. Miss Smith says, "Huh!" and goes out to put over a big deal. The rest, with the question unsettled, switch off to prohibition.

This, more or less, is a slice of conversation you can hear any day in almost any setting. Whenever a group of women get together who haven't met in some time, they don't talk reducing diets or long skirts as they might have done a year ago. They consider the rise and the fall of hair.

The boundaries of the new mode in coiffures have been laid down by the dressmakers and the milliners. The former say we're to be feminine all day long except on the beach, and particularly so at night. The latter still persist in giving us hats that are tight in the crown, not built to hold much but brains. The fashion magazines show us such a multiplicity of arrangements that we're bewildered. The newspapers make a lot of miscellaneous ballyhoo about fashion slaves, as though we were all going back to being Sutherland Sisters who spend their lives sitting on their locks.

The truth is that we've entered a new era—an era of individuality. We're tired of being cut to a pattern, and that pattern the flapper. We want to be ourselves. And that's just what Paris is telling us to be, if we'd only listen. If we'll have patience, we'll each be lovelier than ever. But we must get it out of our heads that we have to copy anybody. We must solve the problem to fit the face we inherited.

A Seat on the Sidelines

Occasionally a most upsetting photograph comes through from Europe showing a titled coiffure that might have existed at any time—hair that seems not to have been cut at all, arranged with a chignon in back or an old-fashioned knot.

Occasionally we see the same thing in America, especially among the débutantes. These coiffures, however, are not significant; they don't represent a general trend but merely a personal whim. If exceptional beauty or youthful curiosity to know what long hair feels like leads us to follow—all well and good. But, in adopting anything like this, we're taking seats on the sidelines in the great battle of the inches. The struggle now convulsing the feminine world has nothing to do with Lady Godiva, who measured her success by the yard. It lies between those who are letting their hair grow moderately

(*Continued on page 34*)

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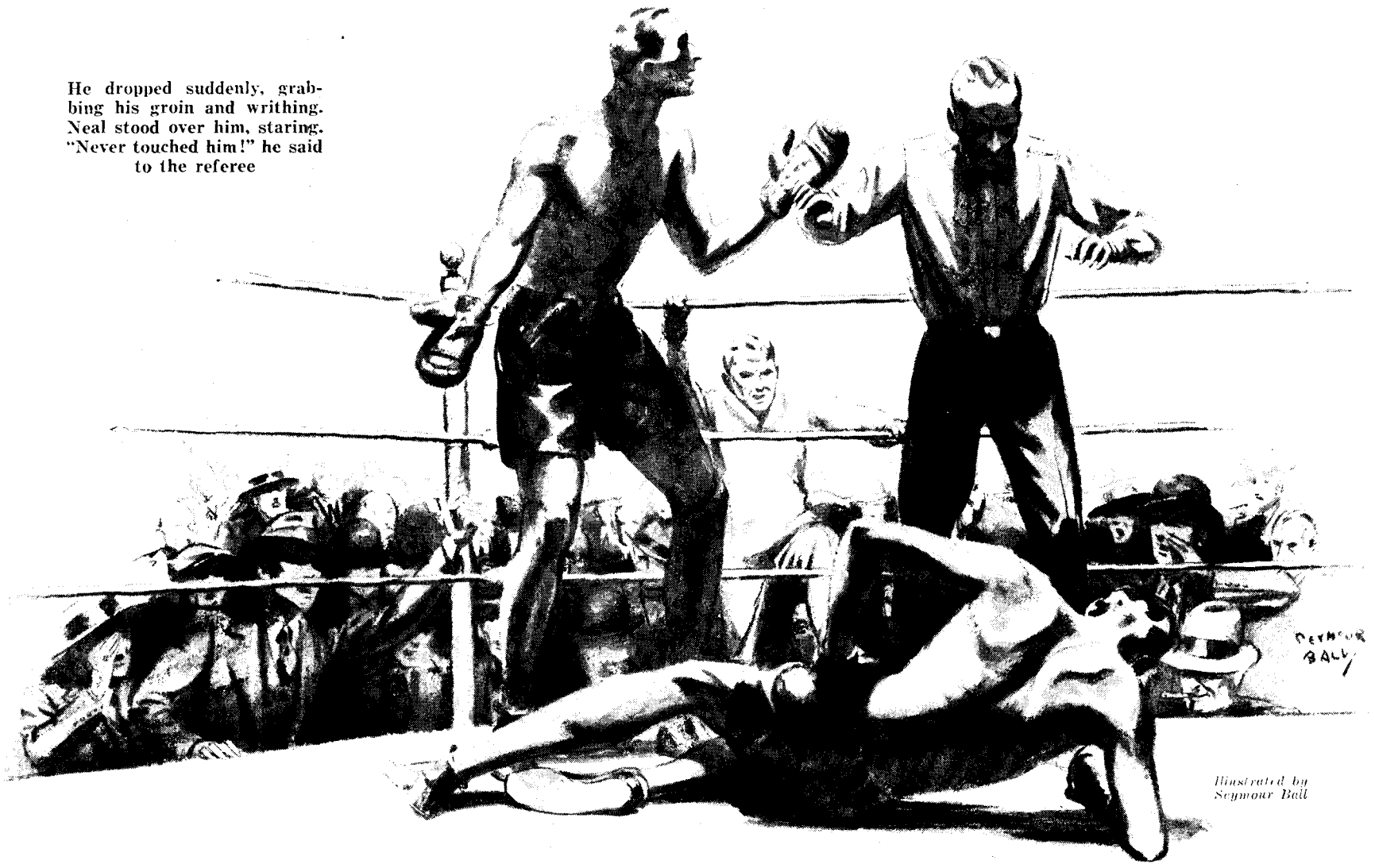

He dropped suddenly, grabbing his groin and writhing. Neal stood over him, staring. "Never touched him!" he said to the referee

Illustrated by Seymour Ball

Between Rounds

The story of a fight that was won with a whisper

By W. R. Burnett

JIMMY helped the champion into his bathrobe. Then he began to get his paraphernalia ready. The champion's manager, Ben Busch, sat teetering on his chair, his fat hands crossed on his fat belly. Beyond the dressing-room they heard the crowd booing the preliminary fights.

"Well, Joe," said Busch to the champion, "how do you feel?"

The champion turned his sharp, sad, intelligent face toward Busch.

"Rotten."

"Sure. Sure. What did I tell you, Joe?"

"Well," said the champion, "it ain't nothing to get excited about. I could lick that dub in my sleep."

"Sure. But you got to put up a good show."

"Good show!" said the champion, laughing. "Say, they ought to pay me as much as I'm getting just to get in the ring and bow."

"All right," said Busch, "but you know you can't get the money out here like you can back East. I figured that advertising it as a championship go instead of letting it ride as an overweight match would make it a sell-out. But she ain't three quarters full."

"Well," said the champion, "you can't expect me to draw against a plug like Neal."

"Neal ain't so bad. He's tough."

"Sure. So is Jimmy. But he ain't drawing down any big purses. Eh, Jimmy?"

Jimmy grinned.

"Not so you can notice it," he said.

Busch took out a big cigar and lit it. Then he sat turning the match in his fingers.

"Anyway, Joe," he said, "you ought to've trained for this match, being's it's a championship go."

"Never mind," said the champion. "I'll never let him get near me."

"He's got a wallop," said Jimmy, "but a wallop's no good 'less you can land it."

Sullivan, the promoter, opened the door and came in, followed by the champion's other handler. Sullivan had on a crumpled linen suit, and he was sweating.

"Gosh," he said, mopping his face, "it sure is hot out there."

"Yeah," said the champion, "everything's hot but the fighting."

Busch and Jimmy laughed. But Sullivan looked worried.

"That's right, champ," he said. "I never seen such dogging. Burke never got hurt in the first. He was drunk and Pfeiffer made him lay down afraid he'd get knocked cuckoo. Oh, they're a fine bunch out there tonight. That Filipino hit Bugs a couple of stiff ones and he ain't lifted his right since. Jees, what an evening!"

"WELL," said the champion, "I'll give 'em a boxing exhibition they won't forget. But I ought to lay down on 'em, the bums, for a turnout like that. What do the men do out here at night, sit home and watch their wives?"

Jimmy laughed.

"It ain't that bad, champ," said Sullivan. "This is a pretty good fight town."

The champion laughed and shrugged. Somebody called Sullivan from the corridor and he went out.

The champion ran his hand over his face.

"I'm sick," he said.

Busch sat up, his hands trembling.

"Now, Joe," he said, "for God's sake don't get sick on my hands. If you'd listen to me. . . ."

"Can it, Ben," said the champion.

A man put his head in the door, but what he said was drowned by a violent chorus of boos and hisses in the stadium. The man smiled and waited for the tumult to subside. Then he said:

"You're on next, champ. Jees, what a decision! Bugs got the verdict after hitting the canvas three times. A Filipino can't even get a draw in this man's town."

The man went out. The champion got slowly to his feet.

"I'd rather sleep," he said.

"Come on, Joe," said Busch. "This is a championship go."

The champion shrugged and laughed, then he went out followed by Jimmy and his handlers.

The first round began very slowly and the crowd settled back. They had heard a lot about the champion, Joe Guy, and they expected something. They sat watching him as he ambled carelessly about the ring, his left held well out ahead of his body. He was more like a dancer than a boxer. He was tall and pale with wide shoulders and narrow hips. He fought with his head thrown back, his body in perfect balance. He looked bored and, no matter what happened, he continued to look bored and condescending. He was very quick on his feet and his muscular coördination was remarkable. He could hit from any position, and when he missed he was not thrown off balance but was ready to block or counter. Any fighter looked clumsy against him.

Red Neal, the challenger, was shorter than Guy and seemed much heavier, although there was only a few pounds difference. He fought in a crouch and kept his bullet head low, his chin on his chest. His face was the color of a new brick and his hair was dark auburn and bristling. He was tough and could take it, but he was not popular and never drew, due to his clumsiness.

THE champion played with him, skipping around the ring, drawing him into the ropes and peppering him, making him miss and fall into ridiculous positions. Toward the end of the first round the champion feinted him into a wild rush, then sidestepped. Neal fell into the ropes and the champion stood watching him with his hands on his hips. The crowd roared its approval. When the bell rang the champion smiled at Neal and walked calmly to his corner. Neal sat on his stool staring across at the champion.

"I'll kill that punk," he said.

Jimmy bent over the champion.

"Okay?"

The champion shrugged and made a face. When the bell rang for the second round he slowly got up from his stool, met Neal's wild rush calmly, tied him up and stood resting in a statuesque pose till the referee separated them; then he shot out his left suddenly and the rubber bit flew from Neal's mouth.

"My God, there goes his teeth," yelled somebody.

The crowd roared and stamped and whistled. All through the second round the champion played with Neal, stabbing him with his fast left and occasionally clouting him with a quick, cuffing right. Neal's face was beefy when the bell rang and he snarled at the champion.

(Continued on page 53)

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"I don't know what I am going to do," she said, almost sobbing. Suddenly her eyes brimmed with

You've got to Know How

This is not only a story of very young love, but a portrait of financial genius in the bud. When Skidmore grows up and tackles real life, there will be pieces about him in the papers—front-page pieces

IT WAS not so bad to be back at school, after all. Four months before, Skidmore Harrington had looked forward to the summer with all the eagerness of a prisoner working toward parole; and probably anyone else, too, would have thought that a fellow of fifteen ought to be able to enjoy vacation quite a lot. At the May dance Skidmore had become a Great Lover; he had acquired maturity—age, in fact—in one short evening, and thereafter he had carried himself differently. His family had noticed it at once. His grandfather asked:

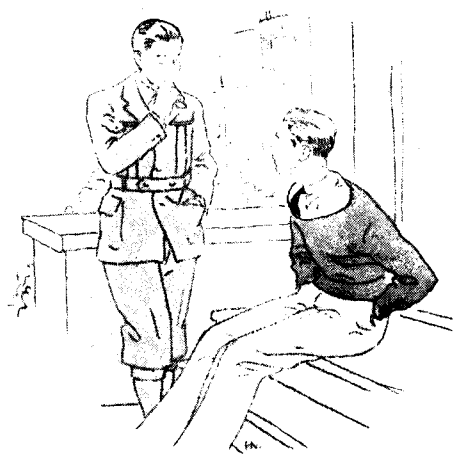
"What's the matter, son—aren't you feeling well?"

And his mother had called out of a window to him the first time he was supposed to be mowing the lawn, "Skidmore, what on earth are you mooning 'bout? That grass has got to be cut. ..ease, Skidmore—!"

Mooning—not feeling well—that was all families knew about great emotions. Eileen—Eileen Pendergast—the very syllables of her name were as music to him; when she wrote that she was going to visit a cousin less than thirty miles from where he lived, and just couldn't wait to see him, Skidmore had worked heaven and earth, his family and friends, to get a cut-down flivver and drive out to see her. She had said she would rather ride in a cut-down flivver than in anything else on earth, hadn't she? And when at last he got to the cousin's house, what happened? Yeah, what happened! She was just stepping up into a new shiny runabout with a rumble, with that big stiff Harold Kemp at the wheel; and all she said to Skiddy was wouldn't he come out tomorrow. Harold Kemp—whom she hadn't even looked at, at the dance, after she had met Skiddy.

THAT was what women were like. You couldn't tell him anything about women; and after that experience the entire summer was a flop, and seemed about as long as the Middle Ages. One fellow he knew got a job without pay on a boat and went to South America, and there had been a chance for Skidmore to go, too; but his mother said she guessed not, that he wasn't acting as if he was well, anyhow, and she certainly wasn't going to have him go off where there were all sorts of diseases. Good gosh. As if he were a baby. . . .

On the way north from Springfield he met a lot of the fellows on the train; a lot more were hanging around when the bus arrived at the academy. The June before he had bespoken a room on Mr. Nicholson's corridor, which was really the best corridor in school if you knew how to get on with ol' Steady Eddie, as that master was known among the boys. His classmate Bill Sawtelle had the room next to his. Skiddy had a month's allowance in his pocket, ten dollars his grandfather had given him as a parting present, and an interesting trophy that he had bought—so to speak—from his small brother, and which he hung conspicuously over his mirror by a blue necktie. Altogether life began to look up. But when Bill Sawtelle sauntered into his room of course he said, gloomily:



"Yeah, back to the grind, the same old grind. Gosh, this is a life."

"Oh, it's not so worse," Sawtelle grinned. "You have a good summer?"

"Oh, grand. Sure—perfectly grand."

"Say, what's the matter with you, Skiddy?" Bill asked. "You're different."

Skidmore's eyebrows went up. "Naturally a man gets older," said he.

Bill was standing in front of the chiffonier, and was staring at the trophy hanging against the mirror. "What's holy about that old watch?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing, nothing at all," said Skidmore in a bored, patient tone. "It isn't anything of a watch, of course. Just an ol' watch of Babe Ruth's, that's all."

Sawtelle's mouth opened. He looked at the watch again. "Like heck it is," said he.

Skidmore shrugged. "Have it your own way!"

"Who do you think you are, anyway?" Sawtelle asked skeptically.

"Who—me—?"

"Yeah, you? What would Babe Ruth be giving you a watch for, even if you'd met him? If a feller'd flown across the north pole like Lindbergh he might expect a new pair o' pants or some'n'. But you—? Sa-a-ay—you think you got hold of my leg, don't you?"

"I'm not even trying to pull your leg, old scout—you got me wrong. I didn't say the Babe gave that watch to me, either. As a matter of fact, he gave it to my kid brother."

"And any kid would hand over a watch the Babe had given him, wouldn't he—!"

"Well, he didn't exactly give it to me. I sort of made him see he didn't really want it. Besides, he had the ball the Babe autographed for him. You see, m'uncle's one of the stockholders of the baseball park, and he took the kid out to see a game and meet the team and all, and the Babe wrote his name on a ball and then took out his watch and began to wind it and the mainspring went blooey, and he laughed and said maybe the kid would like a watch he had carried and wouldn't mind it's being busted, and that's all there was to it."

"JUST like that," said Sawtelle. "Yeah. Sure."

"All right—you don't have to believe it." Skidmore looked blasé but patient. "As a matter of fact, I don't blame you at all for not believing it. Not many fellows have got a watch from Babe Ruth—so it naturally is pretty hard to believe."

His lightness made its impression. After a moment William asked, "You wouldn't want to sell that watch, would you, Skid?"

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tears. "Oh, Skiddy!" And beyond, a girl was stepping out of a car, a girl with a turned-up nose

Illustrated by Irving Nurick

By Edith Barnard Delano

"You make me laugh," Skidmore said promptly; and then Sawtelle believed. It was a long moment before he spoke again:

"Seen anything of Eileen?"

There was no outward evidence that Skidmore's heart missed a beat. His expression became extremely vague. "Who?" he asked.

"Why, Eileen—Eileen Pendergast. Why, I thought you 'n' Eileen were—"

"O-oh," said Skidmore, "that kid—! Gosh, no—girls make me sick. Honest. No kiddin'."

"Yes, they do! What of all those special deliveries last spring and all?"

"Oh, well, of course I had to humor her. For a time. Just to—well—let her down easy. But women are nothing to me. I'm past all that, old son, past it!"

"Yeah?" Bill's grin was fleeting. "Come on in and look at a coupla pictures I got and wake up from your dream."

TWO photographs stood on Bill's chiffonier in silvered frames; Skidmore looked at them, pursed his lips, raised his eyebrows again, once more bent closer to inspect them. "Not so bad, as girls go," he pronounced at last.

"You're darned right they're not," affirmed William. "I wish I knew which one I loved the best."

"There's nothing to choose between 'em. All women are just alike; just exactly alike."

"How do you get that way? You mean to tell me those two girls look like each other? You mean to—"

"Oh, one's got a turned-up nose and the other one's trying to look like Joan of Arc. But underneath they're just alike. Just exactly. I know women."

"Like heck you do." Bill's disgust was enormous.

"Sure I do," Skidmore maintained. "I know 'em—and I know they're not to be trusted. Not one of 'em. There isn't a thing in this love business, not—a—thing."

"Aw, you gi' me a pain in the neck," said William. "Come on over to the store and eat."

As they sauntered across the grass with their hands in their pockets they looked upon the familiar buildings, the hills, and the church steeple as old friends. They passed Harold Kemp—Skidmore nodded coolly. They watched various boys greeting each other. They met Fatty White rolling along with his mouth full, as usual, and Mr. Royden,

the head master, showing some mothers around.

Life at the academy had begun again. Begun; and in a week Skidmore had spent his last nickel on earth, with his allowance not due for ages! The only balm to his soul was the flattering attention bestowed upon him, especially by the younger boys, because of his possession of Babe Ruth's watch. Nearly every day one or another, and sometimes several together, came into his room and asked to see it, even to hold it. Fatty White and a miniature freshman, Runty McClure, were particularly attracted by it; one day when they were in the room together and Runty was holding the sacred trophy Fatty, eying the runt pensively, had asked:

"You wouldn't want to sell that watch, would you, Skiddy?"

"Your fat's gone to your brain or something," Skidmore informed him. "You know, some day you're just going to pop, Fatty."

"I don't mind your being funny," Fatty—whose name was Rodney—had calmly replied. "If you ever do want to sell that watch—"

"Aw, go off and melt," said Skidmore.

YET as the days wore on even the great Babe's ex-property lost interest for all but McClure and Fatty; but even they did not come in, this afternoon. So Skidmore sauntered into Sawtelle's room.

Sawtelle thrust a sealed envelope into his pocket, and laid a book over the other letter he was writing.

"You're wasting your time—just wasting your time," Skidmore remarked with a wave of the hand. He went to the chiffonier and, yawning, observed the photographs.

"Yeah?" said Sawtelle sarcastically. "Let's go over to the store and eat."

Skidmore's expression brightened. "On you?" he asked hopefully.

Sawtelle looked a little embarrassed. "Well, the fact is, I'm pretty near broke," said he.

"Oh, well," Skidmore returned, "I'm not so hungry, anyway."

He stood gazing at the pictures a few minutes longer, then drifted back to his own room again.

Girls . . . he felt sorry for anybody like Sawtelle, wasting his time writing to girls. No kiddin'—there wasn't a woman on earth that was worth wasting your time over. That one with the turned-up nose, now—her mouth sort of curled up, and she looked little and maybe cute, of course, but women were all alike.

He seated himself at the desk, opened a book, shoved it away from him, and stared out of the window again. He'd bet that little one could dance. . . .

That night he dreamed that he was dancing with her; she looked up into his face and said, "Oh, Skiddy, I think you're just perfectly wonderful." . . .

THE weather cleared, and school wasn't so bad when a fellow could be out on the football field in the bracing afternoons. The trouble was, it gave you an awful appetite, and lately a sign had appeared in the store, "Positively no credit. This means you." Naturally a thing like that made you want to eat all the more. The day came when Skidmore, in sheer desperation of hunger, sought out Rodney White; that is to say, he just happened to be sitting on the steps of the store building when Fatty came out with a freshly cut triangle of chocolate cake in his hand. Skidmore appeared surprised and glad to see him.

"Why, hello, Fatty," he exclaimed. "Why don't you come over and see a feller any more?"

Rodney at once took a large bite out of the chocolate cake. "I'm sorry I can't offer you a piece of this cake, Skiddy," he said past a mouthful. "You see, I already bit into it."

"Yeah," said Skidmore. He went on, "Say, look, you're pretty smart about machinery, Rod, aren't you?"

(*Continued on page 39*)

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Follow the Leader

Babe Ruth started a slugging fad, Maurice McLoughlin changed the world's ideas about tennis, Colonel Lindbergh led the long-distance air parade—and the inevitable imitators promptly fell into line

By Grantland Rice

Refueling the Hunter brothers' record-breaking plane during the flight that ushered in an era of endurance contests

Wide World Photos

Gertrude Ederle's famed conquest of the English Channel sounded the call for an epidemic of Channel swimming by women

THERE is a good chance that when Phidippides carried the first message over the Marathon route countless Greeks immediately adopted the brand of sandals or running shoes he wore and started out on the gallop. And it is almost a certainty that when Hercules strangled the lion any number of young Hercules fans went about for days choking kittens.

As human nature changes very little, you can wager a few kopecks that most of the ancient customs were first set by some star or super-star who achieved fame, notoriety or wealth in climbing to some new height.

It was around 1919 that an ex-southpaw named Babe Ruth moved to the outfield for the Boston Red Sox. Ruth began a revolution in batting by taking a free swing at the ball. He gripped the bat at the end of the knob, took a full pivot and kept his range adjusted to the outfield fences. By 1921 he had leaped to the eminence of fifty-nine home runs in a single season and his name, fame and pay check were the talk of the country.

What happened? Up to that point young ball players had been using the grip of Ty Cobb, with both hands well apart, a grip well adapted to the purpose of hammering singles and doubles. Now they switched to the Ruth system, for that was the system that was breaking more often into the headlines.

After Gertrude Ederle swam the English Channel and had thereby placed her name in all the front-page headlines, you could almost walk across from Dover to Calais over the bodies of swimmers, male and female, driving their way through the gray, sullen waves. It was almost necessary to use mine sweepers to clear the way for Channel boats.

The effect of certain stars upon the growth of sport has been tremendous. Twenty years ago the game of lawn tennis was supposed to be a fashionable, effete pastime, played largely at Newport or Southampton by rich young men who craved some mild form of exercise. Those closer to the situation understood well enough that there was nothing weak or effeminate about such tennis champions as Bob Wrenn or Bill Larned, two of the hardest fighters that ever played.

McLoughlin Started It

But the youth of the land never quite took the proper slant on tennis as a game until a young, red-headed Californian named Maurice McLoughlin came along. They called him "The Comet."

McLoughlin lacked many of the ground strokes and much of the tennis technique that others before and after have shown. But he was a brilliant flame on attack, a smashing, crashing type that almost knocked the cover off the ball.

I think Maurice McLoughlin did more to popularize tennis than any single figure in his game. He gave it color and action and within a short time numberless youths, poor as well as rich, were punishing a tennis ball with all the vim and vehemence possible.

It is astonishing to what limits this "follow the leader" attitude will go. When Colonel Lindbergh flew over to Paris and drew the ovation of a marveling world, the sky above the Atlantic was soon partially obscured by the wings of planes attempting to duplicate this feat. They flew from the west and they flew from the east. And they are still flying back and forth, some to land, others to vanish from sight beneath unmarked waves.

A few weeks ago the Hunter brothers broke all records for remaining aloft in a plane refueled from another. They stayed up for weeks and each day their story carried a front-page message.

Here again the pounding force of publicity came into play. Shortly after they had landed an item appeared in some mid-Western paper that a 12-year-old boy had set a new record for remaining aloft in a tree. He had been caught in the wake of the Hunter brothers' publicity.

The lad stayed up in the top of a maple for thirty-eight hours. And then the rush was on. In numerous towns you couldn't throw a rock into a tree without hearing some youth howl. The old record was smashed when one boy stayed up over eighty hours, nearly four days and nights.

It took the spectacular feat of one young player to start the big rush of youth toward golf. Twenty years ago golf was played largely by the middle-aged and the wealthy. Most of the professionals were imported from England and Scotland.

Most of our leading amateur champions had been the sons of wealthy fathers. And then in 1913 Vardon and Ray were about to tie for the U. S. Open championship at Brookline. They had the title split between them, leaving behind the most famous of our professionals and amateurs.

At this point word came in that a young fellow from Boston by the name of Francis Ouimet still had a chance. He came in with a rush to tie the two famous Britons. Ouimet was then just twenty years old. That final rush down the stretch of the fairway was a day's sensation.

Ouimet Dramatizes Golf

But the next day he had to play off the tie, a young unknown sandwiched in between two of the greatest veterans of the game. It seemed like certain annihilation. But, to the still greater astonishment of the world at large, Ouimet not only won but he led them both with a wide margin by turning in a brilliant 72 over a rain-soaked course.

That was a human interest story far beyond the realms of golf, realms that were then quite limited. And within a day Ouimet's name and picture were on the front page of almost every newspaper in the country. And within a week every caddie was busy swinging a golf club and numberless youngsters immediately laid in a few weapons of wood and iron and took to golf.

Eventually golf and tennis were bound to catch the fancy of the younger generation anyway. But it was such names as McLoughlin, Ouimet, Jones and Sarazen that sped up the big stampede which has taken place in the last fifteen or twenty years.

It only remained for Admiral Byrd to return from the South Pole to reawaken the dream of adventure and discovery in the minds of thousands who had been quite content to hang around the old front gate. They had merely caught the old fever, the fever of "follow the leader," the lure of duplicating some public idol's feat or even going him just one jump better.

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Captain of the Rangers

By Owen P. White

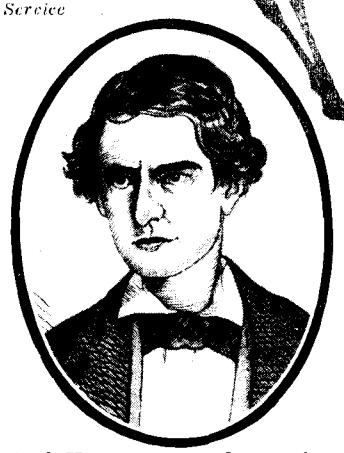
Mr. Jack Hays was secretive by nature. It pained him to let his right hand know how many redskins his left had killed. There is no record of his total score, but it was large; and the number of his other exploits can only be guessed at

Drawing by Will Crawford

"Is that gun loaded?" asked the captain. "Then dismount; be careful about it, and kill that damned chief"

Culver Service

Ugo Moki



Jack Hays was a modest, quiet young man, with a clear eye and a clear conscience

UNLIKE Bat Masterson, who always waited until he could see the whites of a reporter's eyes before he bumped off his victims, or Buffalo Bill, who chose the circus poster as the vehicle on which he rode to fame, Mr. Jack Hays of Texas was no notoriety hound.

"Kill 'em, let 'em lay, and say nothing!" That, apparently, was Jack's slogan, and just so long as the unfortunate redskin received the dose where it would do him the most damage it made no difference to Mr. Hays whether or not the dear public, or even the relatives of the deceased, ever heard of the disaster.

It was not up to him to worry about getting on the front page or counting the gate receipts. He had another kind of job. Not for the personal glory of the achievement, but for the peace and convenience of the settlers on the Texas frontier, he was employed to abate nuisances, and that he did abate them, and did bring copious quantities of the aforementioned commodities to the people is attested to by the fact that, in almost infinitesimal recognition of his services, Texas has named one of its 260 counties in his honor.

But why did Texas do this, and who was Jack Hays? Reverently we make answer: Jack Hays was a one hundred per cent *man*, and, just to prove it, we will now take up his trail and follow it, as best we can, through a series of thrillers in comparison with which the advertised exploits of the yellow-back heroes are mere bedtime stories.

Jack Hays was born on Little Cedar Creek, Wilson County, Tennessee, in the year 1817. He came of a family of fighters. His father and his grandfather had both distinguished themselves in service under General Andrew Jackson, and, although the histories do not directly say so, it is entirely probable that our young man was born in the Hermitage. At any rate, it is a fact that this historic old mansion, originally the property of the Hays family, was sold to Old Hickory by Jack's grandfather and hence the lad must have had the privilege of acquiring a vocabulary, and some of his habits, direct from the old fire-eater himself. This intimacy, however, with its undoubted effect upon the boy's character, came to an end when Jack, at the tender age of fifteen—because boys grew up mighty rapidly in those days—left his home and went to Mississippi to follow in the footsteps of the Father of his Country.

In other words, at an age when the modern youth, under the paternal protection of prohibition, is just beginning to learn how to handle a pocket flask and neck a bit, Jack Hays started out to win the battle of life by becoming a surveyor. He did well at it too. For four years he fought malaria, mosquitoes, land squatters and Indians in Mississippi, and then, hearing that something really exciting was going on over in Texas, he went across to see about it. He had not been misinformed.

A Made-to-Order Situation

When Jack Hays, aged nineteen, reached the banks of the Brazos and enlisted in the Texas army, the Alamo had already fallen; the battle of San Jacinto had been fought and won, and Texas as an independent republic had taken its place among the nations of the world. But this didn't mean that peace had come to the land or that there was any immediate happiness ahead for the homeseekers. On the contrary, there was ten years of war, because, although the Texans had, officially, given the Mexican government a magnificent trimming, they still had to attend to the extermination of numerous bands of unofficial *banditti* that came up from below the Rio Grande and "raised hell on the border." And, in addition to that, they also had to wrest more than half of their vast territory—everything, in fact, that lay west of San Antonio—from the Comanche and Apache Indians.

Into this situation Jack Hays fitted exactly. He was not a gun fighter, a braggart, a rum swigger or anything of that kind. He had never had a barroom battle or wrecked a saloon in his life. On the contrary, he was a modest, very quiet young man with a clear eye, a clear conscience, a magnificent physique, an intense personality and a very marked ability to make other men do what he told them to do. While in the Texas army Hays, whose rank was never higher than that of a private, was generally employed on scouting duty, but later on, when the army was demobilized because of lack of funds with which to pay soldiers, and the ranger force was reorganized, President Houston at once offered our youthful hero a commission as a captain.

Can you imagine such a thing as that? Can you imagine a mere lad of twenty-two being placed in command of a hundred as hard-riding, hard-shooting, hard-drinking and hard-looking men as ever bit a cartridge or ruined a redskin, and getting by with it? But Jack got by! He did it gloriously; more than any other one man in Texas he cleaned up the frontier, and he did it all because—well, he did it *because the headquarters of his command was NEVER at the rear of the column!* Not a bit of it. Captain Jack Hays never gave the command "Charge" in his life. He always said "Follow me, men," and led the way, and never did he order any of his rangers to take a risk that he wouldn't take himself.

For instance—and this is an authentic incident, not one that has been cooked up by a dime novelist or a press agent—on one occasion when Captain Jack and about twelve of his men were scouting they sighted an equal number of Indians who were out on a similar mission. Each party was after the other's blood. Hays managed to get within a hundred yards of the Indians before he was discovered, and then the savages fled to the shelter of a dense thicket, in the middle of which a number of large oak trees furnished

(*Continued on page 48*)

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Dangerous Detour

Of interest to everyone, young or not so young, who likes a good story—especially husbands who find themselves in the same predicament as Phillips

By Alan Rinehart

PHILLIPS had done a very foolish thing.

It cost him his peace of mind, his privacy, some of his friends, a good deal of money, and his wife. And since somewhere in these items was wrapped up the very personality that he had come to know as Henry Phillips, he felt that he had really lost himself.

What he had done was so small, so silly, that it was almost a negligible incident—certainly an accident in the married life they had worked so carefully to build up. They had been so happy, had held their mutuality to such a high plane, had loved each other so proudly, that the accident was sufficient to wreck the whole delicate machinery when it would have left a lesser marriage undamaged. But theirs was quite beyond repair.

With everything gone that he had come to recognize as himself, with nothing left but a few rules that were the skeleton of his character, Phillips carried on. He was just as quiet, as distinguished in his slender, correct way, as ever. He avoided his clubs, however, and lunched with his friends only when asked. He lived on in the apartment in East Fifty-fifth Street because he felt it would be dramatizing himself to live in smaller and less sentimentally associated quarters. Downtown he was just as considerate of his juniors as always, and just as uncompromising in his business judgment.

A few of his partners, however, knew that he was walking in his sleep. They agreed, against their instincts as successful business men, that he ought to go away.

"Where?" asked Phillips. They were ready for him.

"Europe," suggested the youngest, who would have leaped at the opportunity.

"Paris," suggested the oldest, who thought that Phillips might be addicted to doing foolish little things.

"Shoot in Africa," offered his best friend among them; and then could have strangled himself, because Mrs. Phillips was in Egypt.

"I think," said Phillips, struggling manfully to hide the sudden conviction that they wanted to be rid of him, "I think I'll just—go away—for a bit."

They patted him on the back, took him out after business to a financial club, poured a cocktail or two into him, and left him at the subway, convinced they had done a very fine thing.

Then everything that had been Henry Phillips was gone.

He realized this during the evening as he tried to read a book, and for the first time in his life failed to make head or tail of the words.

"I have an idea how that set-up could be arranged," he muttered finally, jumping out of his chair and starting to figure on a piece of paper. It looked workable, clever and profitable. Then it occurred to him that he could not trust his business judgment any more.

After that he did not even try to read.

That was in the early spring, when shaggy mists and wet wandering clouds hid the city and gave a certain zest to life by virtue of its very changeability. The sun, however, shone in Egypt with its customary expensive radiance. Intermingled with the rotogravure and magazine photographs from that cheerful region were occasional groups which includes Mrs. Phillips of New York, and oftener than not a British army polo player or two. Mrs. Phillips' frown when facing the sun was familiar to many readers. One would never know to look at her that she was thirty-two and had already been through one divorce. Her features were as clear and sunburned, her brown eyes and her manner as boyish and candid, as they had been when she first made her bow to the public with her hair frizzed out like a Zulu's. She managed to have a different hat in each picture—or none at all.

Phillips noticed that, on the other hand, one of the polo-playing officers never varied. He was there in every one, except the fancy-dress picture (and he might have been there too), and always wore the same clothes. Once he had his arm in a sling.

AT ABOUT that time Phillips began to discover the full extent of the calamity that had befallen him. Not that he was jealous—men are only jealous when their rights are invaded, and he had no rights—but he began to feel that the pictures were real and that he was not. If he were on the *other* side of the surface of the paper he would be alive and breathing; he could feel unhappy, or could try to win back the lovely woman in the many hats, or could even enjoy his money and his leisure.

In the middle of June he tried an experiment. He chartered an expensive yacht and cruised by stages along the coast toward Maine. He saw friends and went without a hat. His picture was in the groups of "first arrivals" at the summer colonies. When he got the New York Sunday papers one morning at Northeast Harbor he saw himself, tanned and frowning into the sun, enjoying life as he had a year or two ago.

Casting back in his memory he could not recall that moment of pleasure the picture recorded. It was while he studied over this that an idea occurred to him: there was just a possibility that the other side of those Egyptian photographs might not have been as happy as they appeared.

He pondered on that, and meanwhile tried to construct other facsimiles of life.

One of these centered about a young woman he met at the usual dinner-jacket-and-soft-shirt affairs in somebody's apartment. She was a friend of one of the other girls and had been invited for him. He saw her frequently for a week or two and at length on somebody's roof he held her in his arms.

Trying to look at it objectively he saw the soft lights, the remote city, the loveliness he held. But he could not go on.

"I'm sorry," he muttered, and released her. "I'm—I'm married."

He finished the sentence rather huskily and his cheeks burned. The girl looked at him in surprise.

"I thought you all were," she remarked.

"I came to ask," said Phillips calmly, "whether enough remained of our old lives to build a new one upon"

Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum

"Yes, but—look, I'm sorry about it. Please forgive me."

They went in; he returned the gem to her setting and took his leave. Throbbing in his brain to the rumble of the night city was the song of a curious discovery. Slowly he said it over to himself until it took on the triumphant aspect of conviction. It was a truth which seemed so familiar that he wondered if he had not known it all the time.

The noises of the streets, the squeaking of his taxicab, the rattle of the elevated, seemed to combine into a definite harmony. There was no doubt whatever in his mind that what he had found out was permanent and true. It was as simple and clear as his acceptance of religion and a future life, which bankers and brokers, whose business is faith, seem specially to possess.

A trembling eagerness overtook him as he sat on the edge of his bed. It was his first emotion since he had walked out of court.

"If I tell her, then she will recognize it too," he said to himself. "And then she will come back. She must. She will want to."

For an instant he wondered if he were sane, but then conviction enfolded him as securely as if it had been laid over him and tucked up under his chin.

Three days later he viewed the whole matter from the sunny deck of a liner. His wife was in London.

Enough of his certainty remained to keep him to his plan. Business had taught him that—when you have begun a thing in absolute sureness of success,

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never compromise with doubt. Automatically he went through the motions he had always gone through before sailing: he wired his tailor to have new dress clothes waiting, made reservations at the Savoy, asked at his clubs for friends who might be in London when he was there.

She would, of course, be at Claridge's. He would send his card in without going into the hotel, as she might be embarrassed at a chance meeting in the lobby. Fifteen minutes would be his request. He knew to the last word what he wanted to say.

Phillips sat upright in his deck chair in the green-gold evenings, urging the ship forward with all the vitality in his body. Under the wistful sky a curious glory was his again, a certainty of knowledge. But after breakfast as he leaned over the rail, when the people near him were unknown individuals instead of the friendly shadows of the dark, he lost his conviction, and the water below seemed to race past at a terrifying pace.

On the boat train he shut his eyes and his hands against the delay; in the taxi he bounced from side to side utterly at the mercy of a final burst of speed. Noon traffic surged by. His hour was upon him before he was aware.

Four o'clock. It had taken him two hours to write that note, not because of what he had put in it, but because of what he had left out.

"Dear Frances (should he have said Fran?): I am in town for a day or two (on business?) and would like to see you for fifteen minutes if you will let me call. It is a matter of considerable importance, to me at least, and I know you will be sporting enough (hope you will be kind enough?) to see me this once. I am downstairs now. (I love you, I love you — oh, damn it!) Yours, Henry Phillips."

Waiting in his cab outside her hotel he denied himself a cigarette. His need for one kept his mind busy. Yet he was calm. With his usual candor he appraised himself, to see once again what he had to offer. He was thirty-seven, slender, regular-featured, a little inclined toward the thin hair which the ticker tape seems to induce. He had money, was well bred, owned a sort of position which a hundred thousand men could have offered her. In addition, he could give her a love many women did not know could exist.

Suddenly his busy brain utterly defeated him. Was it love, or was it simply—need of her?

SO IT happened that Phillips was conducted across the foyer, into the elevator, up into the tiny sitting-room of the suite, without knowing where he placed his feet. If the attendant had come for him two minutes earlier his cause would not have been lost.

Mrs. Phillips' maid announced that she would be there directly. But already it was too late.

Quickly he glanced about the room for something to talk about. Money? She had her own and had refused to take a penny from him. They had had no children. His hat and stick lay on a chair by the door. Here and there were familiar picture frames—with new pictures. There was the army officer in uniform: Phillips had wondered if she possessed one. A nice-looking chap.

None of these things would do. He had no urgent message. Only an entreaty. Now the door was held open by the maid.

"Hello, Fran," he said with his best smile, a little white. She responded to the pleasure which dimmed the panic in his eyes; gave him her hand. Nearly his own height, long-limbed, straight, smiling and free. She had changed her scent, but still there lurked a familiarity. Her hair was drawn back, now, but the golden lights in its brown glimmered whenever she turned. The exquisite coloring in her cheeks, the line of her throat—

"I had forgotten you were so beautiful," said Phillips with his white smile. He had forgotten only that his vision possessed the beauty of life. He had been forced to forget that.

She seemed relieved.

"I was worried when I got your note. I hope nothing serious has gone wrong? I feel so far away from everything over here."

It was Phillips' turn to be surprised.

"Nothing at all, really," he said quickly. Of course, anybody would think, reading his note, that there was. She would accuse him of intruding upon her under false credentials.

He cleared his throat as she waited. It was almost impersonal, her manner toward him. He felt himself reddening. His own eyes dropped, but he could feel her steady, inquiring gaze.

"Actually, I very much wanted to see how you were, and—well, tell you certain things—"

He stopped dead.

"What things?" she asked quietly. It was ghastly how well she knew him. He looked up.

"Nothing much," he said.

"YOU are going to be married," she stated. One of her hands twitched in her lap.

"No, I'm not."

A little of the old friendliness came into her smile. They made it a bond.

"You may as well tell me," she said cheerfully. "I'm anxious to know."

"It was just this," exclaimed Phillips, starting with a rush and then halting at the utter impossibility of the thing he had to say. "I was hoping, rather, that you would feel—that we could perhaps—you see, I didn't know just how you would feel about it—"

"You wanted us to be friends?" she asked quietly. He made no attempt to deny that while she examined her rings. Then: "I'm willing, if you would like it. Although it might be a little—painful at times."

"I want to ask more than that," stated Phillips simply.

Slowly, almost imperceptibly, the color melted out of her skin as he watched it. Her head bent lower. It was extraordinary how weak he felt, as if he could not move his wrists.

He was aware of her answer before she moved, before she slowly shook her head. She did not look at him. Then, as if it were torn from him:

"Fran, if you only knew—!"

He was out of his chair, standing before her. Hands outspread. Now, Fran, now!

She did not stir until his moment had passed, until his hands had fallen, until his face flamed and he went blindly for his hat and stick. Then he returned.

"I'm very sorry, old girl," he muttered. "I don't suppose it was very

(*Continued on page 41*)

He saw the soft lights, the remote city, the loveliness he held. But he could not go on. "I'm sorry," he muttered, and released her. "I'm married"

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From the window to the table it was but a couple of steps. Reaching out his left arm, he came slowly into the room. "Was this the direction?"

Illustrated by C. C. Beall

Leading Light

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Frederick Skerry

MANY a woman would have trumpeted her loss from the housetop, thrown her guests into a fever of excitement and unwelcome suspicion. Not that Constance Mackie, for all her wealth, could take lightly this bold theft, but she thought first of her successful house party.

Jeffrey Cass was dressing when a servant came to his door with the request that he come at once to Mrs. Mackie's room and, though the summons induced unusual speed, he found her awaiting him impatiently in her open doorway.

She beckoned him in and closed the door. In an orchid negligee she looked the picture of tranquillity—excepting her eyes, which held the spark of restrained excitement. "Jeff," she whispered, "my pearls have been stolen."

"The devil! Where were they?"

"On my dressing table." Noting his searching glance, she pointed to a wide opening opposite the foot of her bed and added, "In the dressing-room there."

He looked and saw the dressing table, with its litter of feminine articles. "But I thought you always put them away at night."

"I do usually—in the safe. But I was tired and dropped them on the table."

Cass walked to a window and surveyed the flat, terrace-like roof that stretched between the two wings of the house. Then he went into the dressing-room. "Was this French window open?"

"Yes. That's always open—except when rain comes from that direction."

"Very convenient," Cass grunted. "And you didn't hear anything?"

"No. But there was something weird. There must have been a sound, for I woke out of a sound sleep—wide awake. I couldn't tell what woke me and lay staring into the dark—you know how pitch black it is here on dark nights—and suddenly a faintly luminous spot appeared in the dressing-room and moved a little way from left to right—my left and right—and back again. Then it was gone. I listened, but didn't hear a sound and decided I was seeing things. But this morning my pearls are gone, and I believe now that they went right before my eyes. It's positively uncanny."

"It wasn't a flashlight?"

"Nonsense! I know a flashlight when I see one."

CASS stood for a moment, pondering. "Now," he said briskly, going into the dressing-room and standing in the window, "let me get this straight." From the window to the table it was but a couple of steps across the deep rug, and, reaching out his left arm, he came slowly into the room. "Was this the direction?"

"Exactly. But it seemed higher—perhaps because I was lying down."

"Who has the next room?" asked Cass, returning to the chamber.

"Nobody, since Elsie left yesterday."

"And the next?"

"Eric Van Horne has that."

"Huh! Van Horne, eh!"

His tone as much as said "Eureka!" and Constance Mackie bristled. "See here, Jeff," she said coldly, "I sent for you because I thought you could tell me what to do. Don't let jealousy of Eric—"

"Just a minute, Connie!" Cass broke in. "I'm not jealous of Van Horne. If you could really care for a man like him you wouldn't interest me."

"Please don't be tiresome, Jeff. This is no time to discuss Eric Van Horne."

"Pardon me! This is exactly the time, my dear. He's—"

"Ridiculous! The minute you learn that his room is within reach of mine you jump to some silly conclusion."

"Not at all. For that matter, a window in my room opens onto this same roof; in that respect I'm as open to suspicion as he is. Moreover, everybody in this house may be suspected. If you call in the police their first move will be to forbid everyone to leave the place. The only real stranger among us is Van Horne; you're the only one who knows him; nobody else here ever heard of him before. Now, just what do you know about him, Connie?"

"Why— Oh, it's preposterous! I told you I met him in Paris—the Graysons knew him. They thought him charming—and so did I. He was coming to America, and, naturally, I asked him to look me up. But if you have to know who his father was, and his grandfather, I can't tell you. I took him at face value."

"Well, that's little enough, heaven knows."

"You're prejudiced, that's all. Why?"

"I confess it."

"SHUH! I'll have to call the police, I suppose. But I did think you could help me, Jeff. And you only insinuate that the thief is in the house."

"I'm sure he is," Cass declared, his confident tone drawing an expectant gaze from her dark eyes. "Wouldn't you like to get back your necklace without the police and without publicity?"

"Why—yes. Of course I—"

"Your disappointment in one you trusted wouldn't subject him to arrest and prosecution?"

Constance Mackie's eyes widened in a stare of fear. "Jeff!" she choked. "You—you don't mean—"

"I mean," Cass said grimly, "even if he proved to be—Van Horne?"

She lowered her eyes before his exultant gaze; he'd hesitated long before pronouncing the name, long enough to scare her, and she had revealed herself. But she quickly recovered her composure. "You're obsessed by that notion," she said, with a shrug. "But, even though you were right, I shouldn't want to shame him before everybody."

"Very well," Cass said. "I think he'll give them up. Will you leave it to me?" She nodded, wondering. "Then come with me to his room."

Van Horne, in a gay silk robe, opened his door to Cass' knock. "Good morning!" he exclaimed. "Up so early!"

"Why," Cass said, as if surprised, holding his watch to his ear and stepping aside to let Constance enter the room, "what time is it anyhow? I must have forgotten to wind my watch."

Van Horne pulled up a bright sleeve and glanced at his watch. "It's but five minutes to ten."

"Hope we haven't disturbed you," Cass said easily, "but the truth is, Mrs. Mackie has been quite upset about her pearls—you see, until just now she didn't remember handing them to you when they came unfastened. I told her it was too great a responsibility to put on a guest—they must have spoiled your rest."

Van Horne's eyes narrowed slightly as he stared at Jeffrey Cass. But he laughed. "Not mine. I sleep soundly—easy conscience, I suppose." Going to a bag, he took from it a wallet and, returning, drew out the short, gleaming necklace, which, with a low bow, he handed to Mrs. Mackie.

SILENTLY, without a glance at him, she took it and left the room.

"I understand you're leaving," Cass said from the doorway. "That ten-fifty-five is a good train. A car will be waiting to take you to the station."

"Oh! Oh!" Constance Mackie exploded when Cass overtook her in the hall. "The brazenness of it! But what made you so sure?"

"I never liked the cut of his jib, for one thing. Then it struck me that what you saw could have been only one thing: the dial of a wrist watch. Now, a man coming through that French window and knowing the location of the dressing table would naturally grope with his left hand—and Van Horne is the only man here who wears his watch on the *inside* of his wrist."

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She learned to bear with him, because he really was kind to her, told her of books, congratulated her on her omelettes and her chocolate custard. She learned to keep her own great chair in the afternoon shadow, and look over at him indulgently, patiently, smiling as if he were merely a naughty child. She went on humming, went on hemming dish-towels, went on with her own happy thoughts.

They were all of Mont. Her lover, her husband, her little boy. She loved him with all the passion of a repressed, hungry nature coming at last into its own. She wanted to live only for him, to work, to play, to dream and plan only with Mont.

She could not pass him without a touch, her fingers on his sleeve, her shoulder against his, her lips lightly laid against his rich tumble of hair. She could not speak without a glance for the adored blue eyes in the brown face; the flash of white smile. Sometimes when he slept late in the morning, after she had noiselessly stepped about their apartment for an hour, for more than an hour, getting herself dressed, getting breakfast ready, she would go sit on the side of the wide bed, her hand on his, her eyes drinking in the beauty, the belovedness, of his unconscious face.

On the night before the Hicksons came back Elliot came to dinner, and there also came Louis Whitlock, one of the staff artists on The Chronicle and the pretty little dark-eyed girl who was always with him, called Cora.

Cora was wary with Dina until she saw that Dina was shy, too, and only anxious to make Cora like her. After that everything was successful: Dina's dinner, and the talk afterward beside the marvelous window that commanded the bay and the mountains and the starry night.

"Rubens would have run off with your wife, Mont," Louis Whitlock said.

Dina did not understand, even Mont did not understand; Cora never understood anything. But Elliot gave the speaker a significant nod.

"Wouldn't he?" he said, pulling on the inevitable pipe. Dina looked for Rubens' name in the Hicksons' encyclopedia later; she silently made notes of such references whenever Elliot talked to her. She discovered that Rubens was a painter. This meant nothing. But she liked to remember what Whitlock had said: she always loved to hear herself called Mont's wife.

IT BEGAN to appear that Mont was a genius; a contingency that had never entered Dina's head. Her ideas on genius were reverent; a great deal of quiet study of such human problems as life presented at Aunt Floss' boarding house, a constant succession of novels from the Squidgett library, had educated her. She knew even better than Mont did, she saw even more clearly than he, the significance of Perry Hickson's attitude, what Elliot Lampson's interest in Mont's busy crayons indicated. Louis Whitlock, with several other artists among the young Bohemian crowd, often drifted up to Perry's studio, and although they said little, and Dina, watchful and attentive, said nothing, the situation was unmistakable.

One August afternoon Perry, working away in his dirty smock that shook off crayon dust whenever he moved, asked Mont to try oils. Mont was amused, alert. He had his own easel now, on the other side of the studio; he had been scraping canvases, large and small, for Perry; now Perry set one up on the easel.

"Try what?" Mont asked, grasping a palette. Dina saw his excitement kindle as he squeezed out the little curls of color; palest yellow, deep blue, red. He picked up a brush, dabbled expertly, frowning.

"Try Sonia," Perry said. Sonia, reading a theatrical magazine, in a deep chair, looked up in languid interest.

"Keep still—just as you are—half a sec!' Mont said.

After a while Perry stopped working and came to watch Mont. Elliot, in his deep chair, gathered his collapsed body to erectness, craned a little to see. One or two other men went to stand behind the painter.

"You see it like that?" Perry said, when Mont paused.

"Well, don't you?" Mont mumbled, confused, clearing his throat.

"Ha!" Louis Whitlock said. He looked with a laugh at Elliot.

Dina's eager look flashed from one face to another. Was it good? Was it only funny? It looked like nothing to her, most of the canvas still bare, some of it covered with choppy little criss-cross lines of pink and blue and purple —and Sonia was fair, a fair woman in a white silk Japanese coat. Mont looked for no approval. He was not interested in what they thought; he was scowling, squinting, touching the canvas again, backing away.

HE STOPPED, scoured his forehead with his shirt sleeve.

"For heaven's sake, don't touch that again!" old Campbell Gruss said. Campbell Gruss was the dean of them all. He painted one seascape a year, or even less often, and lived royally down at Carmel on the proceeds, until he felt like working again. All these younger men sat, metaphorically as well as actually, at his feet, and to Mont he was a very god. Visiting Perry, he had dined with Dina and Mont more than once, Dina exulting in an opportunity to cook her best possible meals for him, and the old man and the young would sit on, in the darkness at the window after dinner, smoking, murmuring, silent for long, peaceful stretches. Dina, noiselessly disposing of her dinner dishes in the washroom, would look out sometimes to see the silhouetted heads slipping into deeper and deeper shadow, outlined against the stars and the dark blue night sky.

This was a happy time. Short, like all happy times, but perhaps the more exquisite for that. Mont was in heaven, in these days, beginning to taste his power, beginning to come into his own. All the world was in love with him, and he in love with all the world.

He leaped upstairs every morning, breathless to get to Perry and to his work. It was Mont's task to straighten everything, to care for everything up there, to get whatever work was afoot ready for the older painter. He did this eagerly, as a disciple might work for his master; it was quite different from any domestic things to which Dina might call his attention downstairs.

Sometimes as she fussed away happily, clearing away the remains of their breakfast, pausing in the big window to look down to the bay, or sinking into one of the wicker chairs to busy herself with darning or the peeling of apples, Dina could hear their voices upstairs; more often everything was still.

At about eleven she usually walked down the Hill to market. The Bretts had no telephone, and although Dina could have gone upstairs to use Sonia's, she hated to disturb the actress, and enjoyed the walk and the importance of marketing, and the excitement and charm of the streets. She saw everything, was interested in everything, loved to feel herself a part of the thrilling, fast-moving city life. Sometimes she went down as far as the wharves just for the thrill the sights and, especially, the smells of the water front

(Continued on page 38)

"To climb with daring feet some rugged rock
And sit aloft where gulls and curlews flock
—And smoke."
— Henry Lloyd

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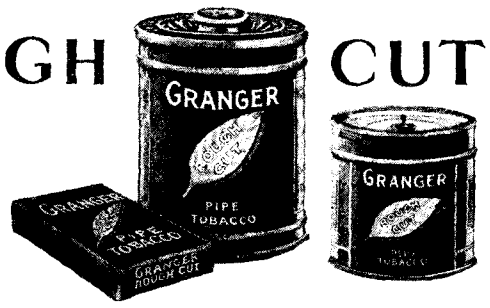

A COOLER SMOKE AND A DRIER PIPE

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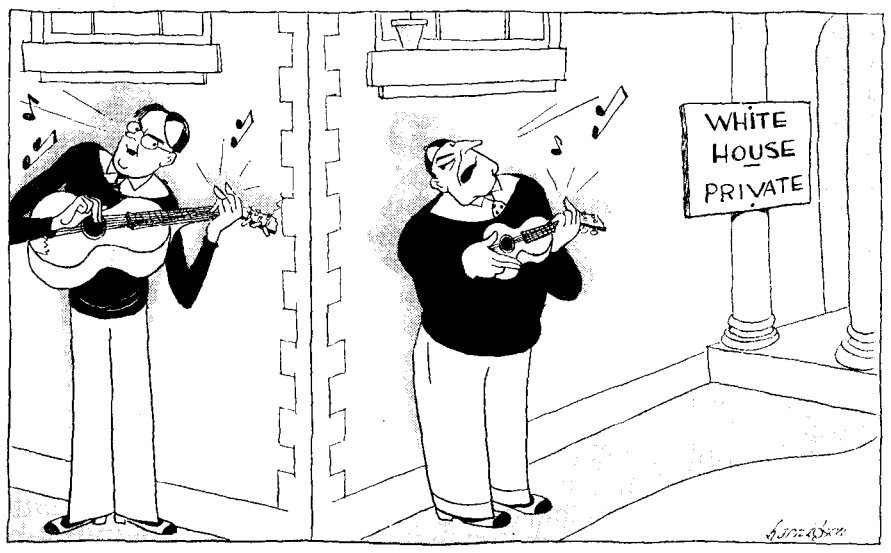

With but a Single Thought

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

VANDENBERG AND ALLEN! How often in the past session one read in the Washington dispatches the names of those two senators conjoined. If Vandenberg went to the White House to give President Hoover some advice on how to have his way with the Senate, Allen arrived ten minutes later. If Allen went to the Rapidan camp to save the Republican party, in the dust of his hastening automobile was the fleeting car of Vandenberg.

Each of them, according to his partisans, was the leader of the Young Turks, that group of freshmen in the Senate which was always going to bring the Republican party back into the right path. Each outdid the other in bemoaning the leadership of the Senate. Each went about singing of the Hon. Jim Watson, "Oh, where is my wandering boy tonight?"

Such rivalry in good works has not been seen on the Hill in many years. Vandenberg always knew what was on Hoover's mind. And so did Allen. If Allen beat Vandenberg to the press with the information, Vandenberg was not five minutes behind him. Both of them knew the edition deadlines. They are both old editors, masters of the art of publicity.

One would say that there was glory enough for all in such service to the nation. But glory is a painful thing to share. The worm in Vandenberg's apple of self-content is Allen. And the disturber of Allen's dreams of greatness is Vandenberg.

Seen and Heard—Together

Allen reads the front pages and sees "Allen," but when he reads the word "and" the day is spoiled for him. Vandenberg, like an editor, grabs the edition hot from the press and his eyes are filled with Vandenberg, but when he reaches the word "and" his pleasure is gone. They are like a couple of twins upon whom a suitor distributes his favor so equally that neither can tell whether she or the other eventually will carry the orange blossoms.

Ordinarily a President, hardened in politics, thinks it a waste of time to advise with knee-pant senators; he is polite to them with an air of being nice to Sonny. But in this last session the Senate drifted so far away from the President that there was an opportunity for the first-termers to rush in and be his champions.

And the President himself is so politically guileless as not to discriminate between bearded giants like Watson and the unshaven and ingenuous youths in the back seats. And again it rarely happens that two men trained in the arts of publicity like Vandenberg and Allen or Allen and Vandenberg arrive in one biennial crop of senators. Moreover, the Senate is so organized that about the only way a new senator can be important is by being seen often going in or coming out of the White House.

In the old days kings' favorites were so jealous that they would contrive to poison each other off or to poison the ears of their master until the wholesale process of beheading reduced their numbers to one. Something like this in a more modern form takes place in the purlieus of the White House. Look at the decimated list of intimates and advisers about Wilson toward the close of his second administration.

A Study in Contrasts

Allen and Vandenberg (or is it Vandenberg and Allen?), the twin leaders of the Young Turks, the twin interpreters of the White House on the Hill, resemble each other in little else than that they are both former editors. Vandenberg is tall and dark, with hair combed carefully to cover an otherwise bald crown. Allen is short and stocky, of neutral color and as shiny of pate as a looking-glass.

Vandenberg walks with an air; you could tell at a glance that he is important. Allen is divided between his allegiance to himself as a statesman and his allegiance to himself as a humorist. It seems to me a fatal division. He falls between two stools. It was his misfortune to live in Kansas, where, ever since William Allen White grew up there, everybody has thought it incredibly funny to be a Kansan.

Vandenberg rose in Grand Rapids, that serious city where they cane the seats of the mighty. He can't even write his address in a hotel register without writing the word "grand." It is a perfect milieu for solid statesmanship.

I have often trained my prophetic eye from a Senate gallery upon the men below to pick out the next senator who will become President. And my eye inevitably falls upon Vandenberg. He reminds you inevitably of Harding, who looked more like a President than anyone since those early bewigged fellows who seem second cousins to the English kings.

Both men are excellent conservatives. Allen went Bull Moosing once along with William Allen White—what a corrupting influence he has had upon an otherwise spotless character!—but he has repented of his error and reformed. I should rate him a little higher than Reed Smoot in the hierarchy of regularity.

(Continued from page 37)

gave her. Odors of hot tar and raw coffee and ropes and dirty, slopping harbor water, and paint. These spoke a language to Dina, and she could not listen enough.

All this carried itself along on a rush of novelty and pleasure. But there were quiet times in the late summer afternoons when Dina had to fight the old familiar sense of puzzlement and hurt again. Mont was rarely with her; often not even for dinner. If she wanted to see him, she had to go upstairs.

Go upstairs she frequently did with her mending. She was as quiet as a painting herself, sewing, listening, watching. Mont would be working, Perry perhaps finished for the day, other Bohemian folk drifting in for the tea that Sonia poured so lazily. If Sonia happened not to be there, Dina did the honors of the informal tea table, smiling when they spoke to her, solicitous about sugar and cream, conscious of one person only—Mont. She felt sometimes, in these days, as if she were losing him, as if she had never had him.

AFTER the very first weeks in their new apartment, and especially after Perry had come back, to discover, to encourage and develop Mont's gift, he had seemed to feel no further interest in Chinatown adventures after dark, in little exploratory or shopping trips with Dina. Now and then, to be sure, they all went down together to Diabolo's or Camminetti's, or to the Sticky Spoon or the Donkey Barn, for long, conversational dinners; but on these occasions Dina saw him even less than ever, for Mont—brown-faced, thin, eager—would be planted between two other artists, all talking earnestly, even violently, through the courses of soup and spaghetti and limp, delicious salad. Or he might be next to Sonia, both rather silent, only occasionally glancing at each other, only occasionally exchanging a low word or two. Mont—silent beside Sonia—

Mab Winston, the girl who went so much with Louis Whitlock's little Cora, had quite innocently been the first person to confirm in Dina what Dina had been vaguely fearing.

"Sonia France makes me tired—she and her affairs give me a big pain!" Mab, an honest, red-cheeked, hard-working social reporter, had said indignantly. "Don't let her start any funny business with Mont!"

Dina, feeling her heart twist sickeningly within her, feeling her mouth fill with salt water and her hands get cold, had said nothing, merely staring.

"It's always someone, Dina; don't you care!" Mab had said.

So that was the end of the first sort of happiness, the silly, radiant, confident sort. Dina had something to fear now. Mont's growing popularity in the group upstairs, his increasing importance, were only so many fresh blows to her security and her peace.

She watched, more silent than ever, from her armchair in the corner of the studio. She watched them all smiling at Mont, flattering him, besieging him with invitations; she watched Mont laughing, flushing, earnest, loving it all, drinking it all in hungrily, utterly absorbed and happy.

And she watched Sonia. No woman could have mistaken what Sonia's eyes said to Mont whenever Sonia looked at him, what Sonia's paleness, the new break in her voice, the new gentleness in her manner, meant. Least of all could Mont's wife mistake them.

Once Elliot Lampson tried to say something to Dina about it. She had carried over to him a bowl of onion soup. Elliot loved it, and, as Mont had just sent word that he would not be home to dinner, Dina had gladly seized the opportunity to do her generous neighbor a little kindness. Elliot was always doing things for her.

Elliot, plunged into many pillows, books cascading from his couch whenever he stirred, welcomed her and her soup warmly. When Dina explained that Mont was detained somewhere and would be late, he spoke almost involuntarily:

"So Sonia told me."

Dina's eyes went to his, dumb entreaty in their depths. Her face grew red.

"Sonia was about due for this," Elliot commented.

The girl said nothing; there was a heavy sorrow in her face.

"It'll be somebody else this time next month," Elliot consoled her, watching her.

"Not this time it won't."

"Think not?"

"He's different," Dina said, slowly. "Mont—Mont can have anyone he wants."

After a while Elliot said:

"Why do you put up with it?"

Tears were on Dina's averted face.

"He hasn't said—anything about it," she said thickly. "I've just—not thought about it."

"But suppose he did?"

For a long minute she made no answer. Then she said:

"It used to be all so different, Elliot. It used to be such fun—just Mont and I together, working everything out. I used to think you could do anything then, by just willing-to-believe it."

"I know. You told me." Elliot continued to regard her closely. "But it doesn't work, eh?"

Her faithful, trusting brown eyes moved to his face.

"I'm the one that fails, Elliot."

"Maybe you haven't failed," Elliot said.

Dina looked down at her hands without speaking. The tears began to run over her cheeks.

"Do you suppose I could work it again, Elliot?" she asked, after a while.

"I don't know, Dina," Elliott said, hesitation and pity in his voice.

She saw neither; she hardly heard him. Her gaze was fixed on space. After a while she took out her handkerchief and quite simply wiped her eyes.

"I've come to the time," she said slowly, "I've come to one of those times when I—when you—when you simply have to take the whole mess and shake it all up, and get started again from the beginning!"

PERHAPS Elliot thought of Mont, handsome, confident, spoiled. Perhaps he thought of Sonia, slender and perfumed and insolently sure of herself. Aloud he said, kindly, sorrowfully:

"Can it be done?"

Dina drew her thoughts from some far-away object with a deep sigh. Her eyes were rimmed with red, her rich, soft hair tumbled; she looked shabby, pathetic, young, in her dark blue apron.

"You mean, can a woman get her husband back, when some other woman wants him?" she asked.

"Something like that," Elliot said.

"And can she keep up with him, when he has everything—" Dina went on, thinking aloud, "—when he has everything, and she has nothing, and when everyone's crazy about him and nobody about her?"

Elliot smiled at her.

"Something like that," he said again.

Dina straightened her square shoulders, flung up her russet head and laughed.

"You watch me!" she said.

(To be continued next week)

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You've got to Know How

Continued from page 15

"Oh, I don't know," Fatty said, flushing with pleasure.

"I been wondering—was that what you wanted to buy that watch of the Babe's for—to take it to pieces?"

Rodney stopped chewing for an instant, looked keenly at Skidmore. "You want to sell it?"

Skidmore shrugged, gazing innocently off at the hills. "Oh, I'm not really anxious to, you understand."

"Sure," agreed Rodney. "How much?"

As a close bargainer Rodney wasn't so soft, but a few minutes later Skidmore was the richer by two good dollars; and shortly thereafter he walked into Sawtelle's room with a bagful of doughnuts.

"Help yourself," he said, grandly.

"Oh, boy!" Bill cried, diving into the bag. "How'd you get 'em?"

Skidmore's mouth was full; also, he was gazing at the picture of the girl who had called him wonderful, if only in his dream. When at last he had swallowed he said:

"Oh, I got 'em, all right. The thing is, you got to know how to get things, in this world. That's all—you've just got to know how. You got to use your bean."

And yet his complacency lasted only a few fleeting moments. On the way across the campus a very small boy had fallen into step beside him.

"Gee, Skiddy," said Runty, looking upward, "I think it was awfully kind of you to sell me that watch—"

"How d'you mean—me sell you what watch?"

"Fatty said you wouldn't like it if I spoke about it, but I wanted to thank you, Skiddy."

"You mean Fatty sold you that watch? You mean—"

"Sure." The youngster looked frightened. "Wasn't that all right, Skid?"

"How much did he sting you for it?"

"Well, he wanted three dollars, but all I had was two dollars and eighty-one cents, so—"

"Yeah," Skidmore had said. "Well, that's all right, kid."

But he felt cheated, bewildered, wilted, mad. In one short hour that oozin' whatsis of a Fatty White had cleaned up eighty-one cents on the deal—money that Skidmore himself might have made if he had had his wits about him. Gosh, he felt humble.

HE COULDN'T study, that evening, for thinking about it; again he dreamed of the girl with the turned-up nose, and again she said she thought he was wonderful.

"Oh, sure—I'm wonderful," he kept saying to himself all the next day. "I'm the most wonderful man in this school. Yeah—oh, I'm wonderful, all right. Yeah. Go and sell the Babe's watch so that gob o' fat could make good money on it. Yeah—oh, yeah."

The way his classes went that day did nothing to lighten his gloom; nor did he find any comfort whatever in discovering that Sawtelle was in a state of mind that matched his own. Sawtelle, in fact, was bitter.

"You sure got to have money these days!" he announced. "Look at me—I got a week-end coming to me, I got permission to go, and how'm I going to get there without money? Does it make any difference that she's asked me to stay with her? Does it make any difference that she's going to have a dance and all? Does it make any difference that it's her birthday, even? I'm—"

"Whose birthday?" Skidmore asked, strangely; he had thought his voice had stopped squeaking long ago. "The little one with the turned-up nose?"

"Who said her nose turned up?" Sawtelle flared; then he added, "Oh, you mean June Blake. Naw—she's over in Providence at Miss Keeler's school. Oh, June's all right, but Betty is one swell egg. Oh, boy—! One—swell—egg."

June . . . June Blake. . . . Little, and cute, with lips that curled and eyes—her eyes looked black. June . . . eyes black as a night in June . . . when there wasn't any moon. . . . Gosh, that was poetry. That's what she was like—poetry. And she was over in Providence; and he did not even know her. . . .

"Yeah, I guess you're right," said Skidmore, from the depths of depression. "I guess the only thing there is any sense in—much—is money."

Back in his own room again, he scribbled her name on his blotter . . . Gosh, if he could only get to know her. . . . Then, with morning, inspiration came. He still had a dollar and seventy cents left from the sale of the watch; a pound of candy would cost a dollar, and the postage to Providence. . . . In the box he enclosed a note: "From an unknown admirer. Skidmore Harrington, Deerfield Academy. R. S. V. P."

CHANGED was the aspect of school; changed, indeed, was life itself. Letters came and went daily; and for at least a fortnight Skidmore was himself again, his best self, buoyant, assured.

"The trouble with you is," he said to Sawtelle, "you don't know how to manage things. You got to know how, that's all. Easy—!"

"All right, then, you tell me how!" Sawtelle returned. "I'd like to see anybody tell me how I'm going to get off for next week-end with less'n a dollar in my pocket."

"I'm sorry, old son, I really am sorry for you. Honest. No kiddin'. If I had the money I'd lend it to you myself."

Sure he was sorry for Bill—the dumbbell, with the picture of a girl like June sitting there on his chiffonier, and wanting to get off to see another girl. Who wouldn't be sorry for a fellow that didn't know any more than that? Bill just didn't have any sense; it didn't seem right to leave her picture there with a fellow like Bill.

Skidmore's eyes took on the dreamy look that denoted deep thought. "If I did lend you the money," he said slowly, "I suppose I really ought to have some security for it. It isn't that I wouldn't trust you, but—"

"Aw, cut it out," said William. "You're just nothing but wind. You gripe me—honest, you gripe me."

And as a matter of fact Skidmore's own thoughts pained Skidmore. No, it certainly wasn't right to leave her picture over there in Bill's room. Already they had been writing about her coming for the Thanksgiving dance; how would it look to have a girl come to the dance and her picture on another fellow's bureau? If he had the money to lend Bill . . . but, doggone it, he hadn't a thing to sell. If he only had that watch of the Babe's now, he could . . .

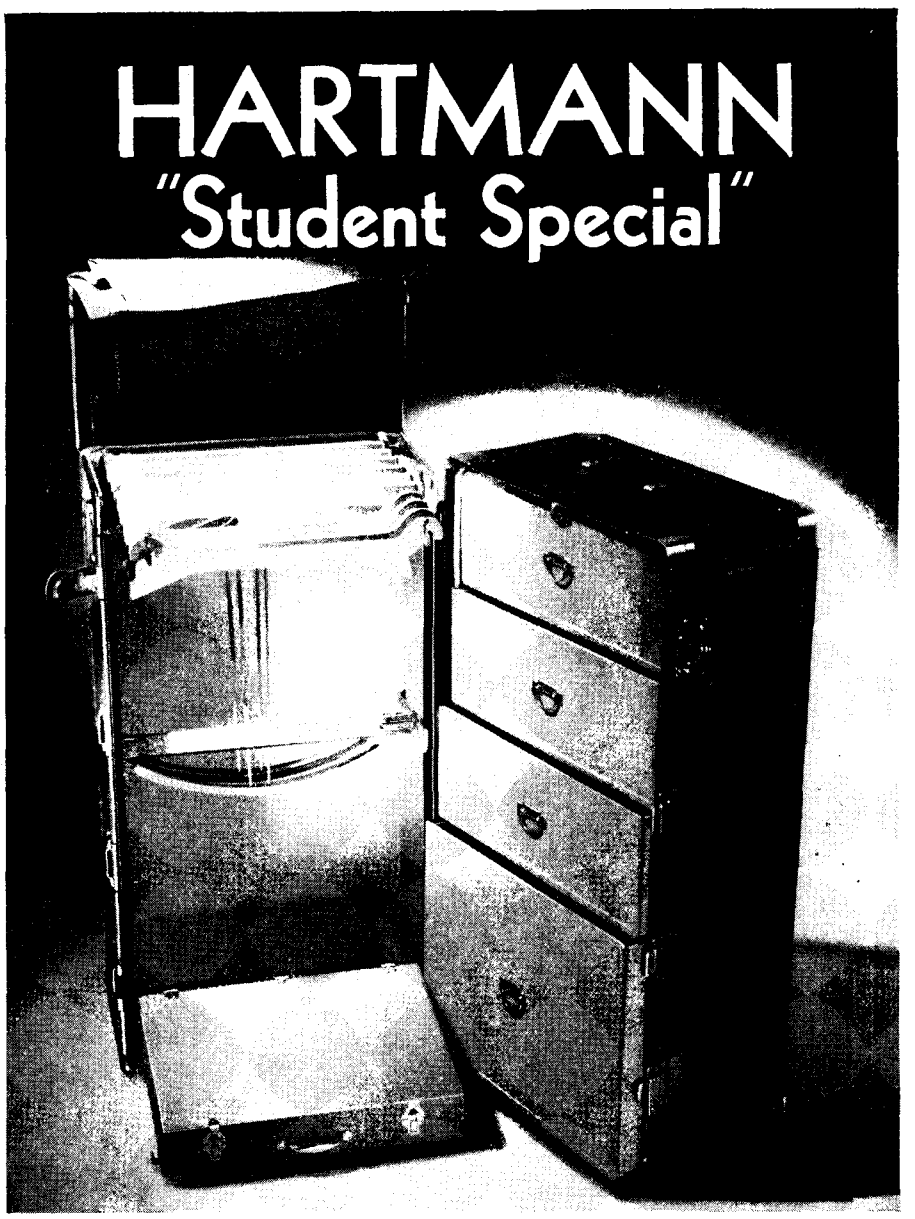
Slowly his mouth fell open; then, slowly, its corners moved upward. . . . Oh, boy—! If it would work . . .

"Say, look, old son," he said to the youthful McClure next morning, "you wouldn't mind making some money, would you—three dollars, maybe?"

"Gee—!" said Runty, his eyes round.

"All right, then, you're going to be my partner, and all you got to do is to pocket the cash and do what I tell you

(*Continued on page 40*)



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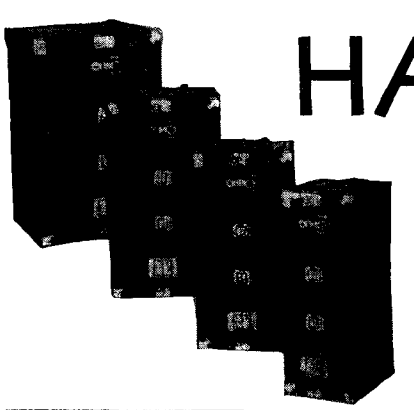

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(Continued from page 39)

to and not kick about it—see? That a bargain? Cross your heart?"

Skidmore himself had known the lure, before now, of getting something for nothing, or for less than it may be worth. Armed with a manner of importance, an air of deep thought and secrecy, and sundry numbered slips, he had nothing eager about him. During the next three or four days he managed to have apparently secret interviews with all the younger boys in school; each evening he counted his accrement of quarters.

"What's all this about a raffle?" Sawtelle asked him. "What you got to raffle, anyway?"

"Why, nothing, of course. Nobody'd want anything I got. This is something pretty special, something I guess any fellow in school wouldn't mind having."

"How much are the chances?" Sawtelle pursued.

"You don't want to take any chance in this," Skidmore told him kindly. "You're too poor. Besides, there are only two chances left a quarter apiece."

"You said it. I'm poor, all right. Got sixty cents left, and I can't get away on that. Might as well spend a quarter on a chance as on anything else."

Skidmore shrugged and wagged his head. "Well, it's your money," said he.

The raffling was perfectly fair; Salterstall himself, captain of the first football team, consented to draw the number from the hat. Skidmore did, indeed, have to deal with young McClure when the time came to deliver the prize.

"Yeah, but look," said he. "You promised to do as I said, and you don't really want that ol' watch anyway. You haven't got any kick coming, kid. Here's your three dollars."

He grinned broadly when he saw the trophy on Sawtelle's desk. "Well, you won it, didn't you?" he asked blithely.

"Won it—! And what would I want with it? You tell me—!" Yet in spite of his words Sawtelle was grinning.

"I got good news for you, boy," said Skidmore. "I got plenty of money. It's like I told you—you just got to use your bean. You gi' me the watch as security and I'll lend you ten dollars."

"Sa-a-ay," Sawtelle began; but Skidmore spoke quickly:

"Or if you don't want to hock the watch, I tell you what I'll do. It isn't that I want any girl's picture, but I need something on my bureau. I'll take that one on the left—what's her name? June?"

"Whoopee—!" cried Sawtelle. "I'll do something for you some day."

And Skidmore modestly told him, "Oh, that's all right. I like to oblige a friend."

Were the days that followed happy ones? Daily she wrote to him, and though he dreamed of her no more he could now always look at her picture. Moreover, she was coming to the dance! When Sawtelle, on the eve of the great event, was found to be sunk in despair again, Skidmore's heart melted in pity.

"Oh, buck up," he said kindly. "What do you care if she has thrown you down to go to Loomis? Go stag—sometimes it works out better that way, anyhow. You never can tell."

"I'm not going to any old dance," returned Sawtelle bitterly. "I'm done with women. Forever."

A curious look came to Skidmore's eyes; his grin was weak and fleeting. "Yeah?" he said. "Well. . . ."

SKIDMORE could take his time about dressing; she was coming in a car with friends, and would not arrive, probably, until after most of the other girls. Dressed at last, with the white flower in his buttonhole by which she was to know him, he sauntered into poor old Bill's room. Bill was frowning, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands.

"Lots of the fellows are over in the infirmary with the pink eye. You coming down with it too?" Skidmore asked, after a look.

"Oh, shut up. Le'me alone, can't you?" Bill snapped.

"Why, certainly," Skidmore returned, and walked out. But he was not offended. Old Bill was childish, that was all; he hadn't good judgment. Any man ought to know better than to tie up with anybody else when there was a girl in the world like June. Gosh, he did hope she'd get here soon—!

THE campus was gay with bareheaded lads in couples, in groups, or escorting girls in sports dresses or premature fur coats. Looking over his shoulder toward the infirmary Skidmore could see boys' faces there against the windows, Harold Kemp's among them; looking the other way he could see the radiant hills, the crowd already going toward the old dorm where the dancing

"Snap into it, Ed, I gotta get up early for jury duty."

would soon begin. His chin up, walking with dignity and reserve, he moved among the crowd, making his way slowly to the office, where so soon—yet not soon enough!—he was to meet her. That little turned-up nose, that cute grin. . . . Then, suddenly—

Suddenly he stopped. His mouth fell slightly open. There—there, talking to the school hostess, and with distress upon her brow, was Eileen. Eileen Pendergast. And at the same moment Eileen saw him.

Her expression changed. Like a bird she flew toward him. "Why, Skiddy—!" she cried. "Why, hello, Skiddy! I—I'm awfully glad to see you. I haven't seen you since—"

She was darned right she hadn't—not since she had looked down upon him from Harold Kemp's runabout, and asked him to come out, a mere thirty miles, the next day. His eyebrows went up; he looked at her along his nose.

"Oh, how d'you do?" said he. "It's Eileen, isn't it—Eileen—er—Pendergast?"

She laughed, with her head on one side; she put her arm through his. "You old silly—!" said she. "As if you could forget me any more than I could forget you—! I—I'm awfully glad to see you, Skiddy."

"Yeah?"

"You don't have to believe it if you don't want to. But that's really why I came to the dance when Harold Kemp asked me—I felt just awfully, Skiddy, because you—"

"Harold Kemp! Why, he's got the pink eye!"

She faltered a little. "I know. I'm awfully sorry for Harold, but, oh, Skiddy, we can have a perfectly wonderful time—! I'd much rather go with you."

Ha—! Ah-ha—! So that's how it was! Eileen the treacherous, Eileen the—the beautiful, Eileen, whom he had so . . . Oh, boy! His time had come! Skidmore smiled condescendingly.

"Well, I'm sure I'd be very glad to take you to the dance, Eileen, very glad indeed—if I could. But you see, I've got a girl coming. It's really too bad about Harold. I believe there are not going to be many stags at this dance, either—so many of the fellows have got that pink eye."

She bit her lip. "I never—never sat with the chaperons in my whole life. Oh, Skiddy—couldn't you somehow manage?"

He made a splendid gesture, still smiling. "Oh, well, of course a man can do pretty much anything if he really wants to," said he, "but you couldn't very well expect me to shake this girl, now, could you? It just wouldn't—well, it just wouldn't be a sort of proper thing to do. You can see that yourself, Eileen!"

Her breath was coming in little gasps; she had turned very pale. He was feeling still queerer inside, yet he managed to say, so kindly:

"I'm afraid I'll have to be getting along. I'm awfully glad to have run into you again, Eileen."

SHE was pressing the back of her hand against her lips. "I—I don't know what I am going to do," she said, almost sobbing. She looked up at him; suddenly her eyes brimmed with tears. "Oh, Skiddy—" she gasped, and turned away, her head bent, her little thin shoulders. . . . Gosh. . . .

And beyond, a girl was stepping out of a car, a girl with a turned-up nose. . . .

He crossed the ground to the dormitory with a speed he had never approached before; he took the steps three at a time. He raced down the corridor to Sawtelle's room. But at the door he stopped; for a moment his eyes held that dreamy look that meant thought. Then he went in, calmly. Sawtelle was sitting humped on the edge of his bed.

"All's the matter with you," said Skidmore, "is that you picked the wrong girl. That's all. What you ought to've done, old son, was to stick to that other one—what's her name?—June."

Sawtelle sat up. "Aw, shut up," said he. "You give me a pain in the neck."

"Think what a good time you'd be having right now if you had asked June instead of that other one."

Sawtelle rose; there was a glint of danger in his eyes. "You get out o' here," he said, his lips drawing back. "Go on—get out! I want to be left alone. Get out—high-tail it—quick!"

Skidmore looked pained. "What for? I came in to tell you that if you really would like to go to this dance with June, she's out there now."

Sawtelle's look changed to amazement, incredulity, hope, despair again. "Quit your kiddin'," he muttered. "I want to be—"

"What'd I want to kid about it for? Me and you've always been friends, Bill. I invited June to come to this dance, and—"

"Like heck you did! You don't even know her!"

"Well, I asked her, anyway, and she's out there now. She's just come. And I got to thinking about it. After all, you knew her first. So if you'd really like to take her to this dance, you can. You give me that watch back, and I'll turn June over to you."

BILL went into action. In ten minutes he was arrayed and glorified; Skidmore gave him the flower out of his own buttonhole. "You can have this, too," said he. "And maybe you better tell June I got the pip or the pink eye or something, so's not to hurt her feelings. Don't point me out to her—if you bump into me anywhere, don't forget and introduce me—see?"

He had to hunt for Eileen, but he found her at last shrinking behind the chaperons, and at once his manner became lordly again. He looked very much the man of the world.

"Well, shall we step?" he asked.

Her lips parted; she flushed, arose. "But—but I thought you said—you said you had invited—"

"Oh, I managed that," he told her lightly. "It doesn't make any difference to me—one girl's just the same as another to me, just exactly the same."

She gave him a strange, awe-filled look, and melted into his arms as they stepped away to the music. Gosh, she could dance. . . . At dinner he managed to get seats well away from Sawtelle and June; those two were looking pretty well pleased with themselves, but her nose did turn up, and Eileen's. . . . And, oh, boy, the way she looked at him. . . . Just eatin' out of his hand. . . . And during the last dance she asked him to write to her.

"Well, of course you understand a man like me has a good many letters to write, Eileen," said he. "But I'll be very glad to write to you when I can."

She caught her breath, and looked up into his face. . . . And as she was leaving she said, "Oh, Skiddy, I never in my life knew a man as—as powerful as you. . . ."

And that hadn't been any dream. . . . When at last he was in bed, he was thinking about that, and other things. Maybe he was sort of powerful. There was Eileen, right where he wanted her—there wasn't any other woman in the world like Eileen. He had got the Babe's watch back again—he need never be out of funds, with that watch. Bill owed him ten good bucks, with interest. Yeah, he was powerful, all right; but a man only had to know how. . . . Gosh, this was one grand old world. Even school wasn't so bad. . . . He drew the blankets over his head. . . . Another moment, and sleep had taken him to her embrace. . . .

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Dangerous Detour

Continued from page 19

sporting, but I had to try. You see, don't you?"

She nodded, tried to smile as he opened the door into the hall. Somehow she got there too, offering him her hand to show it was all right. Somehow again, Phillips kissed her, perhaps because they had kissed so often when he had his hat and they were standing at the door. And perhaps, also, because she knew the cure for his shame.

Phillips had gone down the hallway, perhaps ten feet, when he recalled that he had passed a tall man in a dark suit. Now he heard a man's voice saying, coolly and distinctly:

"I don't quite understand."

HE SWUNG. Fran was leaning against the door, her arm raised along the frame, looking silently at the newcomer. At the same time that Phillips recognized the anger in the other he remembered the face. It was the polo player whose much-printed photograph had at last found its way to Fran's table.

"I don't quite understand," the man was saying. His voice carried the beginnings of a quarrel. Instantly Phillips knew what he had done. In justice to Fran he had to explain.

"I'll tell you about it," he said clearly.

The officer glared at him.

"Oh! You're Phillips, aren't you?" he asked bluntly.

"Yes. I came to call."

"And still I don't understand."

Phillips kept his temper. The other fellow was quite right, the whole thing was his fault. A chambermaid passed along the hall.

"Come inside," whispered Fran. She sat down wearily where she had been before. The Englishman leaned, hands in pockets, against the window, while Phillips, holding his hat and stick, stood just inside the door.

"I came to ask," said Phillips calmly, "whether enough remained of our old lives to build a new one upon."

He had to speak to a man's face he could not see, a hard silhouette against the bright window. He did not look at the woman in the chair.

"It was an unreasonable request to make," he went on, clearing his throat, "but I felt I had to make it. And I lost. Mrs. Phillips was kind enough to try to lighten my disappointment, for old times' sake."

The big figure at the window stirred, turned toward Fran.

"I'm sorry I was rude," he said. She did not look at him.

Phillips' speech was done. The other fellow seemed to be much the right sort. Now there remained nothing but to depart. But still he heard his voice going on.

"I want you to understand the whole thing," he was saying. "Why I came here, and what I expected to happen. It all arises out of a curious conviction that is stronger than anything else I know." With a sudden flaming of the eyes he declared, "I'm going to tell you, whether you like it or not."

He had to speak to the window because Fran was looking at him. Slighter than the other man, less tanned, less hard, yet he felt for a moment that he dominated them both. He would state his creed, give words to his blazing faith before he went. All he needed to do to make it real and lasting was to tell it to Fran.

"I was ideally married," he said quite coolly, as if he were talking about someone else. "You can appreciate that. I won't go into it. I was happier than any man has a right to be

"And yet I made a foolish blunder that cost me everything I valued—that even cost me the personality that my marriage had made of me. I won't go into that either. This isn't a sob story. It really has a happy ending—"

Phillips was alive. His conviction set him afire.

"I have discovered," he said, and in spite of himself his voice rang, "that in a marriage as perfect as ours, such things as divorce, even unfaithfulness, perhaps even death itself, are merely incidental to the main thing."

The silence was profound. In Fran's eyes he thought he saw a gleam of fear.

"And that main thing is," he said, filled with astonishment at his own certainty, "that after the years of happiness a tie is formed which cannot be broken."

His voice seemed to vibrate in the quiet room long after he had come to the end. He gazed past the other man, through the curtains to the roofs of London; only, for an instant, these were the tall buildings of New York, with the sky the color of time to go home . . . and Fran waiting at the end.

He looked across at her, smiling, knowing that he had won his battle.

And seeing that, he knew he could go on. Alone, perhaps, but steadily, straightly toward the end. The tie would not sever. The fact that he knew her answer before she spoke was merely another indication of its strength.

"It isn't quite true, Henry," she said. Her voice was a whisper. Yet she had to say it, otherwise she would not be Fran. "It isn't true. I'm sorry. But I've got to keep on in my own way. None of us can turn back his life."

She sat still another moment, then got up and went into her room. The door closed. Phillips' flaming instant passed. He fumbled with his hat and stick, frowning unhappily.

"I'm sorry I made it so hard for her," he said contritely. "Tell her that, won't you? I—I believe I was rather brutal. Of course she couldn't admit it—not and carry on. And she's got to live her own life."

As the other man continued silent:

"I didn't know how it was between you. Believe that, won't you?"

THE Englishman cleared his throat, stirred, and said something about going downstairs. They went out together, got into the elevator, and found themselves standing stiffly in the lobby.

"Going back right away?" the tall man asked awkwardly.

"Yes—same boat." And a white lie: "Business, you know."

"Yes." He was nervous, the polo player. His eyes roved about among the passing people. He had something on his mind.

"I expect she'll be going back, too," the other said after a pause. "Sometime soon."

"Visit her people," suggested Phillips politely. The tall man shook his head abruptly, looking across the lobby.

"No, to stay," he said.

In that flashing second Phillips recognized that there was no color under the bronze skin, that the mouth was tight and drawn. His heart gave a terrific thump as he stumbled over a question:

"What do you mean?"

"What you said upstairs," said the tall man, his eyes meeting Phillips' for the first time, and containing the ghost of a smile, "what you said was true. And she knows it—"

He put on his hat.

"—almost as well as I."

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work and are not representative of the country as a whole. The census indicated that there were not more than 2,500,000 people unemployed. Certainly it was not over 3,000,000.

"Now there is no use making light of that. For the man out of work for any length of time the depression is a tragedy. But after all there were still left about 40,000,000 people at work. Some of these suffered cuts in their working time. But on the whole they have been working at the same salaries and wages they were receiving last year and the year before. Moreover, their purchasing power has been much increased by the decline in prices. These people are actually better off.

"Here is a fact for the lamenters to chew upon. Almost all the installment accounts that were due when the decline first started have now been paid off. And new accounts have not been started on as large a scale. All the finance companies which handle installment accounts report that the accounts came through the year without any serious impairment and that they now have more money than they can use. And so those who are at work are enjoying their old income, increased in purchasing power, while they are themselves in stronger financial position than ever. The collapse of the so-called installment bubble failed to materialize.

Shortages Mean Prosperity

"You see how the medicine is at work. Factories and merchants have been getting rid of their surpluses and families have been getting rid of their debts. Meanwhile we have not been producing on as large a scale. *We are manufacturing shortages.* In good times we manufacture surpluses and it is surpluses which bring on depressions. In slow times we manufacture shortages and it is shortages which cure depressions and bring good times. You have noticed that people have been buying at retail. Stores have not been selling quite as much as last year, but the level is far from low. But it is very much higher than production.

"In the first five months of this year we produced only about the same as we did in the first five months of 1925—five years ago. Yet in those five years the population has increased by seven millions and it is certain that national consumption is greater in 1930 than it was in 1925. Our living standards have advanced definitely in the last five years. We have been consuming more in the aggregate and more per capita and there are constantly more of us. With production lowered to the rate of five years ago and consumption higher, it will be seen that we cannot have much farther to go to produce the shortage which will send us all back to work again. All the history of business indicates that the end of this depression is approaching. When a plant pushes up its first new shoots above the ground, it does not mean that the process of growing has just suddenly started. A lot of work has been going on under the soil. When an airplane leaves the ground, it does not mean that at that instant the engine started. The engine had to run and the plane had to taxi for a while before it began to rise. We have been taxi-ing for a good while. We are about ready to rise."

"But what about these declining commodity prices which seem to be bothering people so much?" I asked.

"They are serious. But they belong to another problem and are not produced by the depression. On the contrary, they are part of the causes of the world-wide depression of which our own national slowing-up was a part.

"Coffee prices have dropped. So have sugar prices, the prices of rubber and

It's Time to Get Up

Continued from page 11

of copper. Then in another field, the prices of oil and wheat and cotton. In the case of coffee, the price dropped because the crop which held it up was withdrawn. The Brazilian government tried to hold up coffee prices for its producers by an artificial prop. In the same way the sugar and rubber and copper people tried to put the prices of these articles up and hold them there either by government fiat or trade agreement. But no one has found a way to make that work yet. There is *just too much coffee. It does not have* to be planted. It grows on trees and they become more productive every year. There is no such thing as a crop failure. And there is the coffee, year after year, more than the world can consume. Almost everybody uses coffee. There is no chance of increasing its consumption. The Brazilian government thinks it can control exports and fix prices. But that scheme fails, as do all the others. Price fixing is a failure and the prices drop back. This has affected the prosperity of the world outside the United States.

"Another cause is the action of the Indian government in doing what we did sixty years ago, in fact, and by law thirty-five years ago—adopting the gold standard. The three great users of silver were India, China and Mexico. They used it for money. India is the largest, or was. Now India quits buying silver. Worse, she begins to sell it.

Speculation Ruins Credit

India's silver money becomes just like a newly-opened silver mine. From being a source of demand India becomes a source of supply. That wrecks the silver business. Moreover, it debases the currency of two of our best customers—Mexico and China.

"The third cause of world-wide depression was our stock market madness. It sent interest rates soaring. Money was in demand for speculation. This produced a world-wide credit stringency. And this in turn made all the movements of international trade difficult. Distribution of goods between different countries became difficult because of lack of credit and because exchange was being constantly disturbed. These three causes were at the bottom of this world-wide depression of which I have spoken."

"Since you mention speculation and our bull market, let me ask you: Are we going back to speculation and a bull market again?"

Colonel Ayres smiled at this.

"You know, in the old days in every mining town there was always a shack or a cabin or a tent where mining stock was being sold. And over these shacks there was always a sign which *seemed to me to represent a notion* rather deeply ingrained in the American people. The sign used to read: 'One lucky investment beats a lifetime of toil.' That's a good slogan to sell stock with but not a very good one to *build your life on. But there it is*—this gambling spirit in our people. We have it more than any other people and it is natural. We do not stay on the old homestead and in our ancestral halls and cots as in other parts of the world. We pull up stakes and move away to other towns, other regions. A move is, more than we realize it, always an adventure. The man who moves takes a chance. We are all adventurers therefore. We all take chances. And so it is easy to get us to take more chances. But we ought to understand that speculation is taking chances—chances in which the odds are all against us. Few ever make money at it.

"It is important to understand this, therefore: that while the upturn is not far away, the big boom is. Do we want the big boom? We have been walking in the Valley of the Shadow of Depression for a good while. The foothills are just ahead. We will find ourselves on the mountainside almost before we know it. But we had better keep away from the peaks."

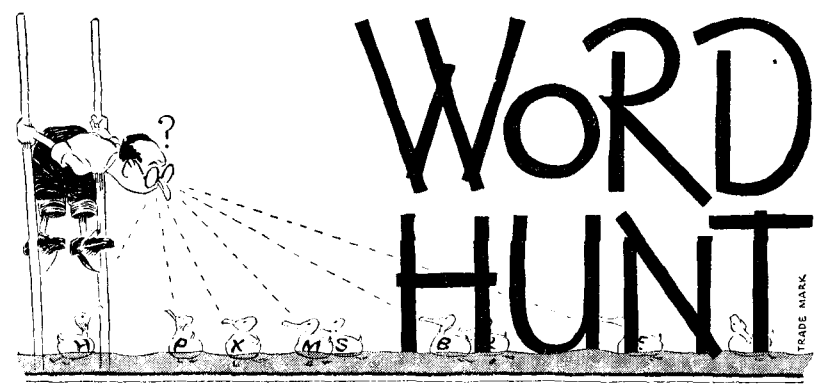
"Just one thing more," I put in. "What can we do about these depressions? Can we prevent them?"

Preparation, Not Prevention

"We cannot prevent them until we know more about them. We were so convinced that the business cycle was a thing of the past that we had almost ceased to worry about it until we suddenly found ourselves sliding down on one of its curves. But in the meantime we can learn how to prepare for it. We have learned this in a small way. We have a profound business depression in this country every week—Sunday. Everything stops. But it doesn't bother us because we are prepared for it through long usage. Men have learned how to live seven days on the earnings of six or even five without thinking about it any more. Now, however, a long week-end holiday, as when the Glorious Fourth comes on Friday, does seriously dislocate us, because our preparation is not so complete for such a depression.

"But there are trades which go through a real depression every year—the circus, which shuts down in the winter; the factory, which closes for two weeks yearly for repairs; and all sorts of trades which run only during certain seasons. It is in the power of every individual to make preparations for periods of depression—to learn perhaps to live seven years on the earnings of six. It is in the power of industries to apply the same rule. While we are trying to learn how to take the humps out of the business cycle, we can learn how to slide down comfortably and safely. We should not overlook this study now, merely because we are about ready to climb."

WORD HUNT



In the English language there are just eight words (each having just six letters) that begin with the letters W-A-D. One of them is WADING. You supply the others.

1	WADING	Moving by stepping in or through water, mud, etc. Also, getting forward with difficulty or labor.
2	WAD	(Variant of Waddy) An aboriginal war club. Also, a piece of wood; a walking stick.
3	WAD	(Scottish and Dial. English) Variant of Waden—Active; supple.
4	WAD	Formed into a wad, or into wadding. Also, padded, as a cloak.
5	WAD	To toddle. To walk, swaying from one side to the other.
6	WAD	An old kind of coarse, hairy cloth.
7	WAD	Variant of No. 6.
8	WAD	(Scots Law) To mortgage; to pledge.

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in last week's Collier's

1. Spice
2. Spick
3. Spicy
4. Spied
5. Spiel
6. Spier
7. Spike
8. Spiky
9. Spile
10. Spill
11. Spilt
12. Spine
13. Spiny
14. Spire
15. Spiry
16. Spite
17. Spica
18. Spina
19. Spiff
20. Spirt
21. Spink
22. Spitz

Collier's will send you free, on request, a booklet containing 27 Word Hunts with their answers. Send for a copy today—Address Word Hunts, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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Hear Ye! Hear Ye!

Continued from page 21

sets the hearing. I tested one boy's hearing annually for three years, each time finding it defective. He would then wait a week or ten days, when his parents would take him to a specialist who would invariably pronounce his hearing perfect. The answer was that each time I tested the boy he either had a cold or was just getting over one. This is happening constantly. Hearing fluctuates almost from hour to hour, depending on weather, fatigue, and general health.

Infant Profanity

Sometimes, unfortunately, a cold does not clear up properly and the middle ear may fill with pus. This condition, which may occur also from measles, scarlet fever and certain other contagious diseases, is called an acute middle ear. Fortunately, the loss of hearing in the simplest and most common of these cases is only temporary, the impairment lasting about a year.

If the pus travels from the middle ear into the mastoid cells, however, it may be necessary, by surgical operation, to open up and drain these cells. This should be done as soon as the mastoid trouble is found, since to delay may change a condition which may be cured by a simple operation to a far more serious situation which may result in permanent damage to the hearing.

The day is past when every child's tonsils and adenoids belong unavoidably to the surgeon. But if tonsils and adenoids show definite signs of being diseased and if tests of hearing show even a mild impairment, they should be removed promptly.

But now a whole new series of tests enables us to find out deficiencies early, when there still is hope. I believe we should begin testing hearing with young babies. I tried to work out a test once by having a nurse hold an infant facing away from me while I made funny little vocal noises. First, I'd stand some distance from the right ear and come toward the infant, making my noises. Just as I was sure things were going right, the infant would turn to the left to look at a fly or something. But, it is said, if you will train an infant for a test, it can be done. Here's the way: Make a certain sound and give the infant a sly pinch. He soon learns to expect discomfort when he hears the sound and automatically uses infant profanity. (You didn't know an infant could swear? I've seen the most profane looks on infants' faces.) There's your test—just regulate the amount of sound the child hears either by varying intensity, distance or both.

After the testing, what? Those with good ears are congratulated. Everyone hopes and prays they'll stay that way.

For the less blessed, the family doctor or the ear clinic or the aurist is recommended. Find out what is causing the defect. Begin a wise and carefully laid-out plan of treatment. As for the examination in the doctor's office, it is a case of looking at the eardrums, making more tests, and ascertaining facts about yourself and your health for years past.

Whether you pass or not, the tests should be repeated annually. In the case of children of school age, group testing at the schools will probably be the type of work continued. For adults and for very young children, owing to lack of organization of facilities, it will be necessary to make sure that in every periodic health examination (and this practice should be a part of the life routine of every individual) there is included a thoroughly up-to-date hearing test. The familiar whisper and watch tests, taken alone, are inadequate. If you want further advice you may consult your local physician, aurist or ear specialist and clinics. Possibly your community has a local League for the Hard of Hearing; if not, the Volta Bureau in Washington, D. C., may be addressed for information on this subject.

Home treatment of the ears is usually dangerous. If a valuable diamond falls from your ring, do you replace it yourself? If you have a tooth to be filled, do you fill it yourself? Do you fill your children's teeth? If so, treat their ears.

Get an acute ear complaint into medical hands early. One physician's call at this time may save several dozen visits, or even operations, later. But, if anyone in the family has a known hearing defect, treat him considerately. Don't shout at him. Just speak slowly and clearly. If he has not had instruction in lip-reading, try to get it for him, even if the defect is comparatively mild.

A hard-of-hearing individual can do very well on certain jobs. If you are planning a career for such a person, get in touch with the groups mentioned above and obtain advice. Don't let any hard-of-hearing person become a recluse. They're entitled to a happy social life, too.

The methods of charlatans are numerous. Here is a rough attempt to classify some of them: 1. Overtreatment. The victim is kept coming several times a week for a treatment which may not only be useless but may actually do harm because of the frequent tampering with these delicate organs. 2. Bizarre operations. Someone gets up a new one every so often and the victim merely pays the bill. 3. Internal treatment, such as diets or endocrine therapy. The endocrine plan of treatment for hearing defects is obsolete. 4. Apparatus treatment. The chief offense seems to be the use for curative purposes of so-called reëducation devices which have no curative value, though they might result in some improvement if used by the proper persons. In this group might be included vibratory apparatus and noise machines. 5. Hearing aids, either of no proved value or good aids unintelligently prescribed. 6. A miscellaneous group, such as airplane flights, sun baking of an impressive sort, and many other useless stunts.

The Patient Decides

In fairness, it should be stated that the so-called charlatan may use a perfectly sound idea, but overdo or otherwise nullify its value. Or he may be merely mid-Victorian scientifically. The best safeguard against him is to employ for ear treatment those who are known to have the finest hospital and other professional connections, such as with societies like the distinctive "Triological." Outstanding aurists, if they use methods which have not the complete stamp of long-familiar results, will state to their patients that a possible plan of treatment might be of value, but that it is experimental as yet. Then the patient may decide whether to take the time or risk involved.

How to preserve hearing is a constant inquiry. The answer is the same whether your hearing is normal or defective. You hear best when your physical condition is best.

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The Return of the Red Scorpion

Continued from page 26

villages in his trek from San Francisco to New York. Dirty envelopes postmarked Salt Lake City; Greeley, Col.; St. Joseph, Mo.; Chicago, Harrisburg, Kingston, N. Y. Thefts, burglaries, assaults. All bearing the small drawing, the words "I come!" and threats for Pierre Vignau and the girl.

The ex-secretary handed the last letter to The Hoosier Hawk. The envelope showed that the letter was posted at the Grand Central Station, New York, on August 2d, exactly seventeen days previous. Pinned to it was a news clipping. A man had been garroted and robbed in a small restaurant on Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn. A policeman had chased the criminal in the direction of Fort Greene Park, but when the officer was quite close to him the robber made an extraordinary get-away. He ran up the side of a twenty-foot wall and disappeared.

Joan Harley rose, her big brown eyes upon the dashing adventurer from Indianapolis. "What would you advise?" she asked.

"Why, I'd like to be here when this fellow comes along," said Pride. "Murphy and I would form a little reception committee. I think it would be better if you would run away. Slip off to some friend's house. It might—"

"I will stay," interrupted the girl. "My father is buried here. He loved the place. I—I will not be chased out of it by the wretch who murdered him!"

The Hoosier Hawk offered no arguments. He liked her courage. It thrilled him.

"You understand that I cannot call in the police," continued the girl. "Their coming would mean the return of Pierre to Devil's Island. If—if you will stay here till—till this wretch comes I will pay you anything you ask."

"We'll talk of price later," said Pride, smiling.

IN THE five days that followed their arrival Richard Clefeld Pride and Penguin Murphy fought the infamous fear that hung over the Abbaye de l'Inglebert. Pride had a curious belief that the ex-secretary bred the microbes of terror and that these, in some unexplainable way, were communicated to the servants. The daughter of Justin Harley assured her countryman that the coming of the Red Scorpion was known only to herself and Vignau; yet during the five days three servants decided suddenly to quit their jobs.

On the fifth day The Hoosier Hawk, without consulting Joan Harley, sent a telegram to Paris, addressed to a man with whom he had flown during the dark days of the war, and who was at the moment an inspector in that clever and intensely active body known as the French Secret Police. It was a simple query reading:

> Can you give me any news of Jean Béranger, alias the Red Scorpion?

The reply came promptly. A startling reply:

> The Red Scorpion is dead. We have the proof of it.

The Hoosier Hawk took the information to Joan Harley. They talked together. If the French Secret Police held proofs of the death of the murderer of Justin Harley it was reasonable to think that someone was playing on the fears of Pierre Vignau.

"If we felt sure that they had proof!" cried the girl. "This dreadful atmosphere of terror is killing me! I—I am beginning to fear his coming! I cannot sleep!"

"I will wire again," said Pride. "We will find out what they know."

The inspector replied that he was willing to tell everything he knew. On the following day he would be at the station in Toulouse for thirty minutes waiting for a train to carry him up the little line to Auch. If his old friend Captain Pride could meet him there he would show him the proofs.

TOULOUSE was over three hundred kilometers away. The Hoosier Hawk considered the invitation.

Joan Harley advised him to go. "You will be back inside of twenty-four hours!" she cried. "Murphy will be here! Oh, please go! I cannot stand the strain of waiting!"

"You must come with me!" cried The Hawk. "Murphy will stay here!"

"No, no! I will stay!" she protested. "I will not run! Please go and—and get the proof that he is dead!"

The bright little inspector of the Secret Police took the arm of Richard Clefeld Pride and led him toward the railway buffet. "Good old Hoosier Hawk!" he cried, patting the arm of his war-time friend. "Ah, you are the spirit of youth! You will drink a *pernod* with me! I regret that I have not much time! Thirty minutes! *Diable!* And you wish proof of the death of the Red Scorpion? *Mon Dieu!* What a demon was the Red Scorpion! But he has gone, my friend! What is it that you used to say? Ah, west! He has gone west!"

"I'd like to look at some girl's Theodores.'

The inspector took from his pocket a fat notebook, placed it on the round marble top of the buffet and commenced to flick the leaves hurriedly. He found what he sought. Page after page of that fine spidery handwriting peculiar to the French was devoted to the record of Jean Béranger, alias the Red Scorpion. A terrible record, yet the inspector licked his lips with delight as he read. Here was the history of a criminal worthy of the interest of the Secret Police. A splendid foeman. "What a marvel—that fellow!" cried the inspector.

The pages of spidery writing told much of Jean Béranger. Assaults, robberies, amazing stories of cat burglaries. The Scorpion could climb the highest building in Paris by clutching at jutting ledges of stone. He became famous.

"WE CAUGHT him at Tarascon after he had killed an American banker at Avignon. Here is the name, Justin Harley. Perhaps you knew him? No? Well, it doesn't matter. I just thought, as you wired me from Avignon, that you might have known.

"We sent the Red Scorpion to Devil's Island for life. Now here is what happened to him at Cayenne. Listen! I will read it to you."

The inspector read a detailed description of the escape of the Scorpion and Pierre Vignau. It had been sent to Paris by the governor of the convict colony. It told of the method of escape, of the pursuit, of the subsequent finding of a body half-eaten by sharks that was identified as that of Jean Béranger, alias the Red Scorpion. The governor considered the identification conclusive. No trace had been found of Vignau.

The inspector's voice carried a note of regret as he closed the fat notebook. "He is gone," he murmured. "Eaten by the sharks! It is sad. If he had got back to France we might have had a great chase. And now I must leave you. It is too bad that we cannot talk for a day about the war. Another *pernod?* No? My dear Pride, it has been a pleasure to see you."

RICHARD CLEFELD PRIDE watched the little train slide away from the platform. He stumbled against the station master, begged his pardon and asked a question: "When is the next train for Avignon?"

"At half past eight, monsieur," replied the official.

The Hoosier Hawk glanced at his watch. It was a few minutes after six. He had a wait of two hours and a half. Well, there was no hurry. The bogey had been laid. He would hunt up a restaurant and eat.

He turned toward the street. A telegraph messenger was busy arranging in a glass-fronted case a batch of messages addressed to voyagers. Pride glanced casually at the little envelopes as he passed by. His eyes fell upon a telegram that was immediately beneath the fingers of the lad. His own name leaped at him. Screamed to him. The "Richard Clefeld Pride" on the blue paper became a trumpet call! He saw the Abbaye de l'Inglebert, the face of Joan Harley; felt again the queer feeling of horror that hung over the old retreat.

The boy stuttered an answer to Pride's question as to the length of time the message had been in the glass-fronted case.

"I—I just brought it, monsieur!" he gasped. "This moment, monsieur!"

The Hoosier Hawk had torn the wire open.

> He's arrived. All hell is loose. Come quick. Murphy.

Pride pulled himself together. He would have to wait over two hours for a train to Avignon. Impossible!

The Hoosier Hawk dashed through the station. He flung himself into a taxi. "The flying field," he yelled.

A HUGE black hornet swept over sleepy Castres! Swept low over the Place Nationale, where quiet townsmen were sipping their evening coffee. The roar of the engine started a thousand echoes in the century-pecked houses of the Rue Emile Zola.

Lodève heard him as the town climbed into its nightshirts. Heading eastward, full out! A bat sweeping across the face of the harvest moon.

Old Nimes signaled him!

The fruitful valley of the Gard! Vineyards of Provence! Remoulins! Aramon! Pont d'Avignon!

Eight kilometers on the road to Vaucluse! The thoughts of The Hoosier Hawk were of the girl! Damn Pierre Vignau! It was of Joan Harley, his countrywoman, that he thought on that last lap of his mad ride.

The Abbaye de l'Inglebert! Quiet under the moon. Silent. Dreadfully silent. A great fear clutched the heart of Richard Clefeld Pride.

He soared over the building. Over the leaded roof. Over the cone-shaped tower. His keen eyes searched for signs of life.

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Something moved on the roof of the tower! Something human. It tried to snuggle into the shadow of the weather-vane as the plane swept overhead.

Stunned by the discovery The Hoosier Hawk cut a circle and drove back at the tower. His mind screamed a name: The Red Scorpion! No one but the cat burglar could cling to the roof that shot up in a nearly perpendicular fashion to the weather vane. One break showed in the slippery tiles to which the fellow clung tenaciously. A circular opening, covered with thin laths, gave ventilation to the cone of the tower, and this opening was the evident objective of the climber.

The plane swooped downward. Pride, leaning out, saw the right hand of the climber move upward. There was a flash of flame as the machine passed over the tower; the flyer was immediately aware of a numbed sensation in his left elbow. The devil on the roof had nicked him!

Fighting mad was The Hoosier Hawk. He banked and came again at the turret. His landing gear nearly fouled the vane. He blazed away at the snake-like figure that wriggled upward toward the ventilator. The big hands of the Red Scorpion tore at the rotten laths. Head and body disappeared within, the legs followed. The Indiana flyer drove the plane at a field some three hundred yards away. He flung himself from the cockpit and ran full speed toward the house.

The gate was barred. Pride pounded against it. Down the path rushed Penguin Murphy, revolver in hand.

"Miss Harley?" demanded Pride. "Where is she?"

"She was here a minute ago watching you fly over the house. What did you shoot at, Captain?"

"At him!" snapped Pride. "He's in the tower! Climbed in through the ventilator!"

Murphy gave a yelp of alarm. "He's after Vignau!" he screamed. "Sure! That guy is locked in his room on the top floor of the tower! Window and door barred, Captain! Got cold feet bad! Bolted up there the moment one of the servants saw the Scorpion prowlin' round in the shrubbery! Here's Miss Harley now."

The girl slipped on to the wide veranda.

"Vignau!" she gasped. "Oh, he mustn't hurt him! He mustn't! I've promised Pierre! Promised to protect him!"

She turned and ran swiftly through the doorway that opened into the corridor from which the stone stairs led up to the tower. But Pride was too quick for her. He seized her gently by the arms and thrust her toward Murphy. "You stay with Murphy!" he ordered. "This business is mine! Here, take this!" He thrust his own revolver into her hand, and with a cry of "Hold her, Penguin!" he rushed the stairs.

TWO kerosene lamps lighted the stairway, one on each of the two lower landings. The third floor, on which was the room of Vignau, was in darkness. Pride stumbled forward and clutched the handle of the door behind which the secretary was hiding.

The door was locked.

Pride dropped on his knee and placed his eye to the keyhole. There was a light in the room. Vignau was on the bed. Kneeling, hands clasped, eyes upturned to the plaster ceiling.

The Hawk called to him. He didn't hear. The ceiling possessed some dreadful fascination for him. The light from the lamp shone upon his face. The face for which dread had woven a mask, a terrible mask. The death he had dreamed of was approaching.

Plaster was falling from the ceiling of Vignau's room! Chunks of it! An avalanche of it! Drowning the wail of the man on the bed.

Pride sprang back from the door and flung himself against it. Again and again. Deafening was the clatter within the room. The lock gave under the assault. The Hawk, hurling himself at it in a final attack, was precipitated into the room.

Scrambling to his feet he gave one glance at the ceiling. Through a hole torn in the center came a pair of legs. Legs that Pride had seen disappearing through the ventilator on the roof. Ugly legs that kicked viciously at the splintered scantling that impeded their passage.

Pride sprang to the bedside. He lifted the frail body of the old man. He rushed with him to the landing. Hurriedly he placed him on the top step and gave him a quick push with his shoe. Vignau went rolling down the stone stairs. The Hawk sprang back into the room. The Red Scorpion dropped from the ceiling onto the floor.

A TERRIFIC figure was the fugitive from Devil's Island. A huge brute was the murderer of Justin Harley. His close-set eyes were fixed upon Richard Clefeld Pride.

"And you?" he cried. "Who the devil are you?"

"I?" said The Hawk. "My name is Pride. I am the committee of reception."

The Red Scorpion flung forward his left hand that carried his revolver. The Hawk's shoe lifted the table on which was the lamp. The report seemed the agency that brought the thick darkness into the room. Pride, treading lightly, shifted his position. The murderer kept his ground, cursing loudly.

The Hawk trod upon a piece of scantling. The noise gave a clue to his whereabouts. With a howl of rage the Scorpion sprang.

The right hand of The Hoosier Hawk found the face of the murderous devil who clutched him. An active right hand. A thumb found one of the ferret-like eyes, a forefinger found the other!

Devilishly active were the thumb and forefinger. They followed the head as it was thrust backward in an effort to dodge their drilling tactics. They evaded the big mouth that snapped at them. They kept to their task of blinding the felon.

The murderer unloosed an arm to save his eyesight. Pride slipped, then, rising swiftly, he brought his head up beneath the jaw of the other. The Scorpion went backward, still clinging to the American. They crashed against the overturned table, it became matchwood under their combined weight.

Pride tore his right hand free. His fist beat a tattoo on the face of the convict. It brought grunts of pain and throaty curses from the Scorpion. He loosened his grip to block the blows.

The Hawk wriggled clear and sprang away. He wanted air. Air! The savage odor of the brute had a suffocating effect. The Red Scorpion was something inhuman, an evil thing, obscene and terrible. He bred thoughts of legendary creatures, half man and half beast, the leaping monsters of the wild country of the Landes and the strange hybrids seen by the peasants in the salt lagoons that surround the embattled walls of Aigues-Mortes!

Again the Scorpion rushed blindly. He crashed against the bed, rebounded and cannoned into Pride. The enormous arms flailed the air like the tentacles of an octopus. The big hands felt for the throat of the nimble antagonist.

The flyer uttered a swift prayer as he sent his right fist forward, all his strength behind the blow. The fist landed on the jaw of the escapee. He went backward, Pride following. The nose of The Hoosier Hawk was working for him. Working for him in locating the devil in the darkness. He ripped another right to the face. It brought a howl from the convict.

Again came the rush of the huge body. Pride, evading the collision, slipped and fell. He tried to rise but the monster was on top of him. Snarling, grunting, making indescribable sounds. Once more the flyer felt the terrific strength of the brute. Once more the stupefying odor overcame him, weakening him, sickening him, forcing upon him the belief that he was fighting some bestial creature of another world.

The Hawk, gasping for breath, struggled to his knees. He got to his feet with difficulty. He was weakened by close contact with the Scorpion. He wanted air, clean air.

The murderer, holding him tight, rushed him against the window. Glass and framework were shattered by the shoulders of the flyer. The bar holding the shutters was loosened. The shutters flew open. Moonlight streamed into the room. Moonlight and pure air.

Pride looked into the face of his antagonist showing plain in the moonlight. The open window had brought an idea to the brute. He thought of hurling his nimble foe through the window onto the flags of the courtyard far below!

In that dreadful moment when the convict lifted him from the ground Richard Clefeld Pride thought of Joan Harley. The vision of the girl defenseless against the fiend who had killed her father brought some God-given force to the tired muscles of the flyer from Indiana. With a mighty effort he twisted himself sideways as the Scorpion thrust him at the open window. His shoulders on one side of the frame and his stiffened legs on the other foiled the effort of the brute to push him through the opening.

The cursing felon unloosened his right hand to twist the legs of the flyer. His big head leaned toward the feet of Pride. He tugged fiercely. The Hawk saw his opportunity. He doubled his left leg. A knee, moving with tremendous force, crashed against the jaw of the Red Scorpion. It was a blow that would have dropped a bull. The Scorpion crashed to the floor.

The Hoosier Hawk stumbled to the bed. He snatched the sheets from it. Hurriedly he tore them into strips. With deft hands he wound them round and round the huge body of the stunned murderer. His head was throbbing, his muscles seemed dreadfully tired, but he kept to the work. . . .

PENGUIN MURPHY and Joan Harley roused Pride from the stupor that overcame him after the battle. Beneath the window lay the trussed form of the Red Scorpion. The murderer was conscious now but powerless.

"Are you hurt, Captain?" cried Murphy.

The Hoosier Hawk shook his head and smiled. "That little police inspector is an awful fool," he gasped. "He knew that—that brute. He had seen him and smelt him, yet—yet he believed that a decent shark would make a meal out of him!"

Joan Harley was on her knees beside the Indiana flyer. Tears were in her glorious eyes as she stooped swiftly and kissed his tanned cheek.

Another Hoosier Hawk story will appear in an early issue of Collier's

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"And for the same reason she might have received others—a great many others—from California without your knowledge?"

"Perhaps, sir. But if so, they didn't come to the house."

"You mean that she was receiving mail elsewhere?" inquired Caxton. You could almost see him prick up his small, faunlike ears.

"Yes, sir. She had a box at the post office."

"You mean that she conducted a secret correspondence with someone?" Caxton was grimly alert now.

"I mean nothing of the kind. She simply had a box at the post office because her mail was very heavy."

"And how, may I ask, are you so positive that such letters did not come to the house, Mrs. Flack? Were you in the habit of sorting Miss Crandall's mail?"

"No, sir!" The witness' tone ought to have warned Caxton, but he plunged on:

"Just looked it over every morning to see what there was of interest, eh?"

"No, sir. I was expecting a letter." The witness' voice had dropped into a low pitch that made even Caxton strain forward to catch the words:

"Not because you wanted to keep tab on your mistress' doings?" he inquired.

"No, sir. When I heard the mailman's whistle I always went out to see if there was a letter for me from my son Walter."

"You mean that your son writes you daily?" Caxton asked with enormous incredulity for such filial devotion.

MRS. FLACK'S heavy form sagged suddenly.

"He's not written me once since he went away fourteen years ago, sir. But I know he will some day," she added with simple, beautiful faith.

"I see!" said Caxton. "You've heard what the witness Sjostrom testified about the kissing episode?" he hurried on in a baffled voice. "That hardly seems to agree with your statement that Miss Crandall regarded Merrill merely 'as a nice, gentlemanly boy,' does it?"

"I wouldn't have believed it if Helma hadn't said so!" the witness replied.

"You regard Miss Sjostrom as a reliable and truthful woman, then?"

"I do."

"Did you know of Mr. Merrill's engagement to Virginia Lansing?"

"Yes."

"Did Miss Crandall ever discuss it with you?"

"Well, she said that she hoped Virginia would make him happy."

"She seemed to think that there was some doubt on that score?"

"Why, no, sir! She thought very highly of Miss Virginia."

"Even after Miss Lansing had captured the affections of Mr. Merrill?"

"I don't think that Miss Virginia set out to capture his affections. She is not that kind," the witness replied with a look in the direction of the defendant, Lansing. "Mr. Merrill was very much taken with her. He met her at a dance at the yacht club."

"When was that?"

"It was early in April last year, at the first dance of the season, I think."

"So it was almost immediately after meeting Miss Lansing that Mr. Merrill stopped coming to the house, wasn't it?"

"I think so."

"And Miss Crandall did not seem jealous of Miss Lansing—merely concerned over Mr. Merrill's happiness? Caxton prompted.

"No, Miss Jane was not jealous of Mr. Merrill. She regarded him just as a good friend."

"And as such she kissed and fondled him and checked fifty thousand dollars out of her account and gave it to him! That'll be all, Mrs. Flack. Thank you!"

Mrs. Flack stared indignantly about her at this thrust. Judge Farnham's face was as impassive as the faces of the jurymen.

"You may leave the stand, madam," he said.

Jaws of Circumstance

Continued from page 33

THE witness got to her feet heavily and descended the dock. She glanced scornfully at Caxton as she brushed by his table, and the movement with which she gathered up her voluminous skirts was eloquent.

There was a lull in the proceedings such as comes after a storm has spent half its violence and is gathering strength for the final assault. The spectators, relaxed in their seats, conversed in low tones that went unreprimanded by His Honor. Judge Farnham was adjusting the collar of his flowing robes as if impatient of the delay, when there was a commotion at the door in the far end of the room caused by someone demanding admittance over the protest of the constable. The officer won out. He closed the door upon the dissenter and stood grimly guarding it against further intrusion.

His Honor glanced up with a frown just as Senator Enderley said in pleasant conversational tones:

"Mr. Merrill, will you please take the stand."

The effect of his simple request was electrical. The hum of voices ceased. There was a brief shuffling of feet, as half a thousand men and women strained to attention.

With a firm, almost hard tread for one so slender and tall, the young man walked to the witness stand. Grave-voiced, he took the oath, lowering his hand, and pausing for a moment before the low railing of the dock before mounting its two steps. It was not hesitancy, but rather the gesture of a man entering deliberately some unfamiliar place. Once seated, he appeared less slender. There was again that indefinable nautical air about him. Perhaps it was the way he held his head, tilted back slightly as if he were taking his course from stars.

"Mr. Merrill, why did you go to Locust Grove on the evening of May 20th?"

FIVE hundred pairs of ears were strained to catch the answer:

"Because I had an appointment there with Miss Crandall."

"An appointment of your own making?"

"No. Of Miss Crandall's."

"When and how did she make this appointment with you?"

"The night before by telephone."

"She telephoned you at the Greeley Hotel?"

"Yes."

"What was the reason, then, for your calling her upon your return from New York on the evening of May 20th?"

"Waiter, listen—am I havin' a good time?"

"Because I returned on an earlier train than I had expected. She had asked me to communicate with her if I did so."

"Please tell us what you did upon entering the picnic ground."

"I walked about looking for Miss Crandall. When I didn't see her, I began to flash my pocket light about."

"Was this a signal previously agreed upon between you?"

"Well, yes, I suppose you might call it that. I had used it before in this manner."

"Did Miss Crandall give you any reason for wishing to see you that particular evening?"

"No, she didn't."

"What did you do next?"

"When she didn't show up I walked back to the gate and looked down the road to see if she were coming. Then I went back to the mill and sat down on a stringpiece."

"Will you tell us just where this stringpiece was located?"

"It was one of the beams upon which the uprights of the water wheel rested. Its end protruded two or three feet from the wall of the mill."

"Could you see the spillway from this seat?"

"Part of it. That was how I discovered Miss Crandall. I saw something white in the water near the bank and arose to investigate."

"Please go on."

"I WALKED down to the spillway and saw Miss Crandall lying in the water near the bank. I pulled her out and began working over her when Corbin came up."

"You didn't think that she was dead at first, did you?"

"How could I when I had spoken with her only a matter of forty-five minutes or so earlier? It seemed incredible! I began to try to resuscitate her at once."

"And you found it unavailing?"

"Yes."

Caxton cleared his throat.

"Doesn't Your Honor think the last question somewhat superfluous in view of the fact that Miss Crandall has been buried a matter of four and a half months?" he asked.

"It may be stricken from the records if the State wishes," the Court allowed.

"Oh, it's of no particular moment, Your Honor. I was merely pointing out that counsel seems to be taking up a lot of time with useless and academic questions."

"Proceed, Senator!" Judge Farnham ordered.

Enderley, evincing no emotion whatever at being interrupted by the State, went on:

"You worked over Miss Crandall for quite some time, did you, Mr. Merrill?"

"Yes, for twenty or twenty-five minutes at least; until Sheriff Putnam and the coroner arrived."

"They took the matter out of your hands?"

"Yes. Doctor Ross came shortly and they carried Miss Crandall into the mill."

"Mr. Caxton gave us the impression that you tried to obstruct the mortuary examination. Is that a fact?"

"No! Lord, no! I wanted them to keep on trying to bring her back to life." His dark eyes widened as with astonishment that anyone should have misconstrued his actions.

"Now, Mr. Merrill, when you called Miss Lansing's house immediately after speaking with Miss Crandall, was it for the purpose of asking her to meet you at the pond?"

"Not at all. I mean, of course not! I was in the habit of calling her every evening."

"And when you left the message with

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Mrs. Reade to the effect that you had an appointment at the usual place, she knew with whom you had the appointment?"

"Yes."

"And she didn't come to the pond because she was jealous of Miss Crandall?"

For the first time the witness smiled—a pathetic smile in which there was no mirth.

"Hardly."

"Not having communicated with her in the meantime, you didn't know that she would be there, waiting for you behind the bushes?"

"No, of course not."

"She came there wholly of her own volition and not by any preconceived arrangement?"

"Oh, yes—absolutely."

"After the mortuary examination had been completed and you encountered Miss Lansing waiting for you on the far side of the pond, did you and she go back to Marshall together?"

"Yes, sir. I took her home and then went to my hotel."

"Did you follow Middleboro Road into town?"

"No, sir. We cut across into Quaker Path and took a short cut through the woods, a path that comes out within a block or so of Miss Lansing's house in Sound View Lane."

"Miss Lansing had used this path in coming to the grove earlier in the evening, I suppose?"

"I think so. I didn't ask her."

"Is the path used a great deal?"

"No, very little, I imagine. In places we had to push the branches aside to pass."

"So that anyone forcing his way through there might easily get cut or scratched?"

"It would be hard to avoid doing so in the dark."

"NOW, Mr. Merrill, I'm going back to the pond—to the time you were seated upon the stringpiece or beam—before you saw Miss Crandall in the spillway. You were wearing the light suit which the State has marked as Exhibit Four?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is there any way in which you can account for the bloodstains on the sleeve of the coat?"

The witness shivered.

"Well, yes. After hearing the testimony of young Corbin," he said in a hushed tone.

"You didn't notice if there were any such stains on the beam?"

The witness raised a pair of brown, startled eyes to counsel.

"I would hardly have remained seated upon it if I had," he replied.

The senator's deep-set eyes held his client's for some moments.

"That will be all, Mr. Merrill!" he said slowly. "Cross-examine!" Somehow you felt that the senator had flashed to the defendant a message of courage from his own great store of confidence.

That Caxton had caught the unmistakable intent in his opponent's measured accents and that he intended to make short work of it was evident.

"You're a Californian, are you not, Mr. Merrill?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You met Miss Crandall out there, did you not?"

"I did."

"You came to Marshall about a year and a half ago?"

"Yes."

"What was the reason for your coming here?"

"Miss Crandall asked me to come."

"Was it the sole reason? Did you not importune her to let you come?"

The witness leaned forward in his chair a little.

"You refer, I assume, to the letter read into the records?" he asked.

"Your assumption is correct, Mr. Merrill! Will you please answer yes or no."

"I did *not* importune Miss Crandall to let me come to Marshall!" the witness replied steadily.

"You came entirely at *her* request?"

"Entirely."

"Then you deny having written the letter signed Conrad?"

"No. I do not deny it."

"You don't?" There was just a suggestion of chagrin in the prosecutor's voice. He cleared his throat.

"YOU testified a while ago that you looked about the grove for Miss Crandall and upon not seeing her you went back to the entrance and looked up and down the road. How far did you go into the grove in the first instance?"

"Not very far. Two hundred yards, perhaps."

"And how far is the mill from the entrance?"

"I can't be sure. Three hundred yards, possibly."

"And you didn't go as far as the mill on this first—tour of exploration?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I had no reason for not doing so. I just didn't."

Caxton moved forward a step.

"How long did you search for Miss Crandall before you sat down on the beam?"

"Not more than five minutes. When I returned from the entrance I decided that she had been delayed, so I looked no farther."

"And you took a seat on the beam immediately?"

"Yes."

"You were not sure that she had arrived in the face of the fact that the witness Barnes testified that you had passed Miss Crandall's car with Collins driving?"

"I remember we passed a car but I paid no attention to whose it was," the witness replied.

"I see. Rather remarkable since you were on the way to meet the owner of it! How much of the spillway is visible from the spot where you were seated?"

"Very little of it—the bank and a strip of water five or six feet wide."

"The bank against which the body of Miss Crandall was lying?"

"Obviously. If—she had been lying against the other bank I could not have seen her."

"Very obviously, indeed! Quite a coincidence that you should have been seated where you could see only the precise strip of water in which Miss Crandall's body was lying, wasn't it?"

"I don't see anything coincidental about it," the witness replied evenly.

"You wouldn't, Mr. Merrill! Suppose you confine yourself to answering my questions!"

"I beg your pardon. I was under the impression that you were making an observation—not asking a question."

"How long had you been seated when you saw Miss Crandall?" Caxton snapped.

"Not long—not more than ten minutes."

"Was it nearly dark at that time?"

"Very nearly so."

"Dark enough even ten or fifteen minutes before for you to resort to signaling with the flashlight?"

"Quite. The trees grow very close in the grove and the foliage was pretty well out."

"Yes," said Caxton, "the unusually warm week preceding was responsible for that. I note that you made it a point to remember this circumstance."

"I *remember* it!" the witness replied dispassionately.

"Yet it was light enough for you to see a submerged body lying in the spillway some twenty-five yards from the spot where you were seated?"

"There are no trees growing in the spillway," the witness replied, "and none within twenty or thirty feet of it."

"I'm aware that our New England trees do not as a rule grow in water, Mr. Merrill! You remembered conveniently that none grew within several feet of the bank?"

Again that clear, dispassionate, "I *remember!*"

"Very well. When you got Miss Crandall up on the bank, did you suspect foul play?"

"No, I thought she had fallen in and had drowned."

Caxton's diminutive eyebrows arched themselves in incredulity.

"You thought that a grown woman had drowned in a body of water less than three feet deep?"

"I did not know how deep the water was."

"But you had been at the picnic ground quite often before?"

"I had been there a good many times, yes, but I had never taken soundings of the spillway or of the pond."

"You began to attempt resuscitation at once?"

"Yes."

"Are you experienced at such work?"

"Fairly so. I received instructions in it at school."

"So you knew that getting air into Miss Crandall's lungs was the first and most important step?"

"Yes, quite obviously."

"But it didn't occur to you to remove the scarf from about her neck—the scarf that was wound so tightly about it?"

"I—I was too upset to notice it in the dark, I suppose."

"So even if there had been a spark of life left in Miss Crandall, your efforts were quite useless, as no air could have gotten into her lungs in spite of your—*heroic* efforts?"

The witness' slender fingers opened and closed convulsively.

"That is what makes it so—horrible," he replied through whitened lips.

"Yes—no doubt!" Caxton said. "Is that your best and final explanation?"

"Yes."

Judge Farnham spoke up:

"It's getting late, gentlemen. Court is adjourned for the day!"

AS THE room began to empty, a man elbowed himself through the crowd milling about the principal exit and started down the aisle. Halfway to the railing that enclosed the arena he stopped short. The two prisoners were being led out of the room by the little side door behind the judge's bench. For some moments he remained standing there gazing after them with a frustrated look upon his sun-tanned face, then brought a pair of dark inscrutable eyes to bear upon the two attorneys who were gathering up their effects preparatory to leaving for the day.

Caxton, glancing up, squinted at the stranger, and Senator Enderley swung around in his chair and looked at the new arrival inquiringly. The senator seemed about to address him when the man turned on his heel and joined the last stragglers at the exit. Enderley's bushy eyebrows contracted as his deep-set eyes followed the stranger's broad back out of the door. As the constable went to close it, the stranger paused for a moment and regarded the other's equally broad shoulders speculatively. The officer closed the door with a shrug and turned the key.

(*To be continued next week*)

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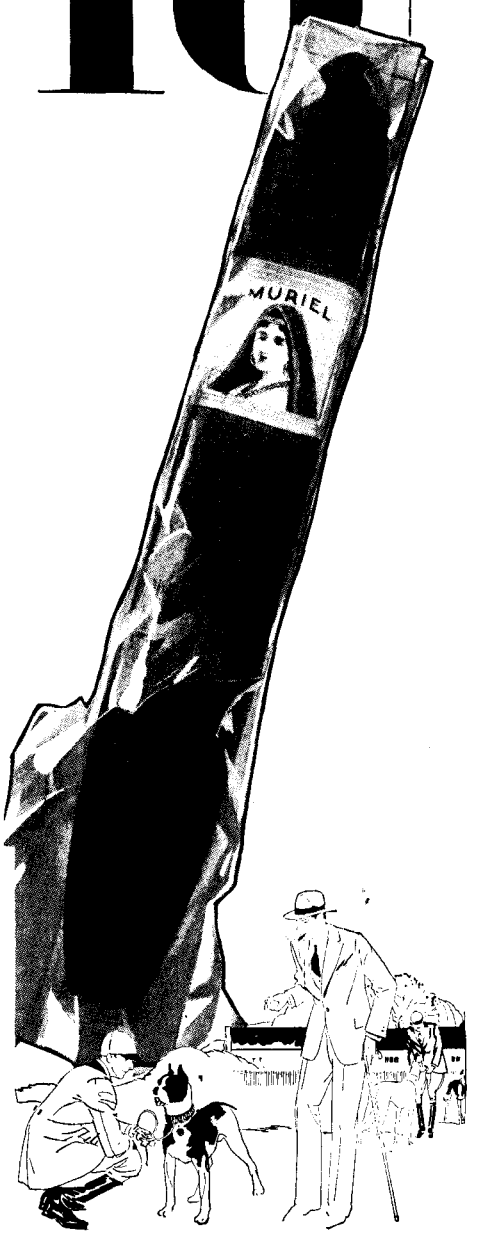

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"Oh, let's finish the rubber before we signal them!"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

	North	
	S. 8-7-4-3-2	
	H. 5-4-3-2	
	D. 4	
	C. A-8-6	
West		*East*
S. Q-9-6		S. 10-5
H. Q-J-9		H. None
D. K-Q-J-7		D. 10-9-8-6-5-3-2
C. 9-5-3		C. 10-7-4-2
	South	
	S. A-K-J	
	H. A-K-10-8-7-6	
	D. A	
	C. K-Q-J	

THE above hand, which appeared in last week's issue, was played in a two-table game of Duplicate Contract; and it was interesting to note that, although the two Souths handled their declarations very differently, both reached the same goal in the bidding. At Table A, South estimated his hand would take at least five tricks in Hearts, two in Spades, two in Clubs and one in Diamonds; he bid four Hearts. West passed and North felt that the combination of the Club Ace, a singleton and four little trumps was sufficient to justify suggesting a small slam by a bid of five Clubs. After that, South bid six Hearts; his initial four-bid had guaranteed a shade under ten tricks, and his hand was worth more than ten.

At Table B, South followed the convention that an original bid of four is a preëmpting declaration showing approximately eight tricks with the trump named, but designed mainly to shut out adverse bidding. This South was afraid that if he bid four Hearts his partner might pass with slam assistance and a slam would be lost. At Table B, South therefore tried the new artificial two-Club bid and started with that declaration. North bid two Diamonds in accordance with the convention of that bid to show that his strength was less than an Ace and a King, and to keep the bidding open for South. If North had held an Ace and a King, his answer would have been two No Trumps, or two of a suit if he held a five-carder or longer headed by a King or better.

In response to North's two Diamonds, South bid four Hearts, which told North that South held a ten-trick hand and was asking for a slam suggestion if North held anything better than one trick. If South's second bid had been two No Trumps, Spades or Hearts, it would have indicated that he meant to give North a choice between two declarations. Of course, as stated above, North held much better than one trick and he bid five Clubs to show the Ace of Clubs and some other help. After that South's natural bid was six Hearts.

Had the hand been played at Auction, South would have bid one Heart, and that declaration would probably have been followed by three passes. It would be immaterial to South whether his contract was one or five Hearts.

The Play

In the Contract Bridge play at Tables A and B above referred to, both Wests led the King of Diamonds, which South of course won. It looked to both Declarers as if the small-slam contract was "cinched" and the only question was whether thirteen tricks could be made by capturing the doubtful Spade; but when the Ace of Hearts was led to trick 2 and East refused, both Declarers knew that one Heart must be lost and consequently the small slam was in doubt.

At Table A, South, playing along obvious lines, led two more rounds of trumps, the third trick being won by West, who then led a Club. South won and led two more trumps with the hope of squeezing the adversaries; then he led the Ace of Spades so as to postpone the Spade finesse until the second round; and next led two more Clubs, taking the last in the dummy. He then tried the Spade finesse, but it lost and Declarer was set by one trick. His slam venture not only failed but cost him his contract and a valuable game.

The Declarer at Table B was a bit more canny. As soon as he saw that he must lose one trump he framed his play so as to avoid the risk incident to the Spade finesse. To trick 3 he led his King of trumps, and to tricks 4–6 three rounds of Clubs. Then he put West in the lead with a third trump, knowing that no matter what West led the slam contract must be made. If West happened to have the thirteenth Club and led it or a Diamond, dummy could ruff and closed hand could discard the Jack of Spades. If West made the expected Spade lead, it would be up to closed hand's Ace-King-Jack and assure Declarer every remaining trick.

Next week's hand is given below; decide how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

	North	
	S. 10-9-5	
	H. A-Q-7-5	
	D. K-10-6-2	
	C. 8-3	
West		*East*
S. Q-J-7-6-3		S. K-2
H. 9-6		H. J-8-4-3
D. 9-7		D. J-8-4-3
C. K-J-10-4		C. 9-6-5
	South	
	S. A-8-4	
	H. K-10-2	
	D. A-Q-5	
	C. A-Q-7-2	

Captain of the Rangers

Continued from page 17

them with good defensive barriers. Captain Hays dismounted his men, stationed nine of them around the thicket to prevent the escape of the Indians and with the other two he dived into the brush.

The first round was all in favor of the Indians. The boys on the outside of the thicket heard a lot of shooting, some yells of triumph, and then out came Captain Hays, carrying one of his companions, who had been badly wounded, on his back. The other one had been killed, and Jack Hays himself was shot in the hand, but that made no difference to him. He delivered his disabled man, grabbed up a Jaeger rifle and an extra pistol and went back again —alone! This time it was different. The boys on guard at the exit heard three quick shots and then—silence. Another shot or two and silence again.

A Good Day's Shooting

This kept up for some time; a shot and another silence; a shot again, then more silence. The rangers out in the open were beginning to get uneasy when suddenly a solitary Indian appeared. He appeared to be in a hurry too. Evidently there was something in the brush behind him that didn't agree with him, but neither did the open. One of the rangers finished him as he headed across the prairie, and shortly thereafter when the detachment, in response to a call from the commander, went into the brush they found Captain Jack taking stock of a bag of eleven redskins! He had killed three when he first ran into the bunch, and after that, when they scattered, he had hunted them out and knocked them over one at a time. Is it any wonder that he was a leader?

In addition to his other un-captain-like habits Jack Hays was much given to the pastime of solitary scouting. It was a dangerous business, as he found out one morning when he looked behind him, and about a mile back saw ten or fifteen charitably inclined Comanches riding hard on his trail. There was but one thing to do, outrun the savages, and Captain Jack tried it. But it was no use. He was in a real Indian country, redskins popped up like prairie dogs and before he had ridden three miles, in place of fifteen, he had fifty men after him. In the vicinity—and Jack Hays knew his geography well—was a small hill surmounted with what was called the Enchanted Rock. Maybe it wasn't so called until *after* the episode, but, at any rate, the young man headed for it as the safest place, for the period of the emergency, that he knew anything about.

He got there three jumps ahead of the tomahawks, fell off his horse, gave the animal a slap on the flank, climbed the hill and scrambled to the top of the rock. It was a hot day, very hot, and Captain Jack had no umbrella, but the Comanches, who wanted his scalp, and wanted it in a hurry, kept him too busy to allow him time to worry much about the heat. They stormed the rock, scrambled up it, and right then, we are inclined to believe, Jack Hays invented the line, "The higher they get the harder they fall." He waited until, one after another, quite a number of "early Americans" had got as close to him as was really healthy, and then he tumbled 'em over.

This kept up for an hour or two; the number of fatherless papooses and Comanche widows was steadily increasing, and then, far off in the distance, Captain Jack noticed a rapidly approaching cloud of dust. It was the rangers! Captain Jack's riderless pony had got into camp, the boys had followed its trail back and—here they came!

That broke up the party. The Comanches fled, leaving about fifteen of their number behind for coyote bait, and Jack Hays came down from the Enchanted Rock. He had a heavy grouch on. "What in the hell," he said, "made you fellows come so damn' quick? I was just having more fun than I ever had in my life!"

Captain Jack's escapades, however, didn't all have such happy endings as the two we have already recounted. For instance, shortly after he entered the ranger service he visited the capital at Austin and there ran across a new engine of death. It was the Colt five-shooter, a large number of which had been purchased for the Texas navy. This navy existed only on paper and the guns were rusting away. Hays liked their looks, requested permission to equip his men with them, and was told to help himself. He did so, and when he reappeared in camp he presented each member of his command with two pieces of the new-fangled artillery.

A few days later, while scouting with fifteen of his men, Hays sighted a bunch of Comanches, and thinking there were not more than a score of them, he decided that this was a fine time to try out the newly acquired vermin-exterminators. He dropped his men down into an arroyo, rode in a wide circle, and at last, crying, "Follow me," charged out directly at the enemy. But he had made a mistake. Instead of encountering twenty Indians he ran into about eighty and as this made the odds five to one he discreetly withdrew to the shelter of a willow thicket, where he and his men held a council of war.

"Leave Your Rifles, Boys"

The Indians in the meantime surrounded the place, and, calling the Texans cowards and a good many other nice names, dared them to come out and fight. Hays' men wanted to accept the challenge; they were anxious to test their new toys, but the captain was cautious. Fighting Indians on horseback, and out in the open, had never been looked upon as technically correct, but as his men were "r'aring to go" he finally yielded. "All right, boys," he said, "leave your rifles behind because they ain't any good while you're a-ridin', and—follow me!"

That was the word the men wanted. They charged: fifteen rangers, armed with strange weapons, against eighty redskins, armed with everything from tomahawks to muzzle-loading shotguns, and great was the collision thereof. Two rangers and six Indians were killed on the first impact, and then the fight started in earnest.

It was the first fight in America in which pistols of the revolver type were used against the Indians, and it was a distinct disappointment from a homicidal viewpoint. The guns would shoot fast enough, but not far enough. That was the trouble. Before a ranger could fatally puncture an Indian he had to let him get so close that if he missed it meant a hand-to-hand fight. This particular battle developed into just that unpleasant kind of a fracas.

Eight rangers were killed; every man in the outfit, except Hays himself, was more or less wounded; Captain June Walker, who lived through this engage-

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ment and later was killed in the Mexican War, had a lance thrust entirely through his body, and finally the seven survivors, with their horses' tails turned inward and the heads outward, formed a ring to fight off a circle of howling, exultant savages. This position was maintained for more than an hour; the rangers' ammunition was about exhausted, and it seemed as if it was all over but the scalping, when Captain Hays noticed that one of the men, named Gillespie, had a rifle strapped to his saddle.

"Is that gun loaded?" asked the captain.

"Yes, sir."

"Then dismount; be careful about it, and kill that damned chief."

Too Much for the Redskins

Gillespie obeyed his instructions to the minutest detail. He took prayerful aim, squeezed the trigger, put an ounce of lead right in between the shoulder-blades of old Yellow Hammer, or whatever his name was, and the rest of the redmen declared the meeting adjourned. They had had enough; thirty-one of their huskiest warriors, who were left dead on the field, had had a little too much, and down in Texas, even to this day, there are grizzled, old-time Indian fighters who will tell you that, considering everything—the odds, the fight in the open, and the old navy pistols—this was the best-fought small battle in the entire history of our Indian warfare.

Captain Hays' activities, though, were by no means confined wholly to the destruction of redskins.

He also devoted much of his time and energy to making life as short and as miserable as possible for the Mexican bandits whose custom it was to cross the Rio Grande and harry the border line.

One time when a belligerent controversy between Captain Hays' organization and a visiting team from the south had come to a deadlock in the eleventh inning, with the Mexicans securely entrenched in a small village, the young captain broke it up by challenging the Mexican leader to meet him in single combat. The foolish man accepted, our hero gave him the "happy dispatch," and once again a very acceptable quantity of second-hand war gear passed into the possession of the infant republic.

Dozens and dozens of these encounters took place; hardly a week went by without its battle of one kind or another, and if actuarial statistics are to be believed, during this period of Texas history, the average life of a ranger in the field was only twelve months, and more than *fifty per cent* of the men who joined the service were killed in action.

Then, in 1842, as a sort of anti-climax, a curtain raiser to the Mexican War of '46, came General Woll's invasion. This comic-opera Frenchman, at the head of about 2,000 Mexican and Indian soldiers, fully equipped with artillery and all trimmings, crossed the Rio Grande, marched north and took San Antonio. It was a bloodless capture, but nevertheless it caused Captain Hays, who was in town on a holiday or something, and who, if caught, would have been joyously hanged by the Mexicans on the strength of his past performances, to flee hastily to the brush.

For a week or more then, while General Woll and his soldiery were enjoying the freedom of the city, our hero busied himself in mobilizing his rangers and sending out word to the settlers to join him in repelling the invaders. Every day during this time Hays, disguised as a Mexican, wearing a blanket and a big hat, went in and out of the town and hence knew exactly the strength of the enemy.

Finally, when he had gathered together a force of 200 men, which gave him a fighting strength of about one to ten, he decided to act. He led his small army to within five miles of San Antonio, ambushed it neatly in the bush bordering Salado Creek, and then, with a few chosen companions, one of whom was a high-talking, straight-shooting Baptist parson, he rode up to the "walls of the city," made a hostile demonstration and dared the whole gang to come out and fight him. He got a quick response. Fifty or sixty most valiant Mexicans sallied forth to lift the gage of battle, and Captain Jack fled. On came the Mexicans; Captain Jack slowed down until they were almost on him, then away he went.

General Woll Comes to Grief

He did it again, the pursuers kicked their spurs in deep, rode harder than ever and—from behind the harmless-looking brush on the creek bank came the fire of the concealed Texans. The damage, however, except to the pride of the Mexicans, was very slight. Only a few of them were wounded, but holy mackerel—although that isn't exactly what they said—how insulted they were! They rode back to San Antonio, reported the result of the horse race to General Woll and that excitable Frenchman at once swore that no shameless rascal like Jack Hays could play such a low-down trick on his soldiers as to try to ambush them. He'd show 'em, he said. But he didn't. The Texans showed him.

General Woll got out his entire army, artillery and everything, marched it onto the field and like a tidal wave he rolled it onward to engulf the 200 men under Captain Hays. They refused to be engulfed, however. Beneath the shelving bank of the Salado, where they were perfectly protected, they waited until the Mexicans were within about fifteen paces and then they let go. The slaughter was immense and gratifying. One volley followed another. General Woll's artillerymen were picked off faster than they could man the cannon, while the balance of the outfit, each man using his individual discretion, secreted themselves as best they could and went to sniping at the Texans. At this pastime, though, they were no match for the rangers and the settlers, who, in addition to being much better shots than the Mexicans, had the advantage of being better located.

This fight, during which 300 Mexicans are said to have been killed to only *one* Texan, didn't last long, but while it did last Captain Hays, of course, had to do something characteristic. An Indian sharpshooter who was fighting with the Mexicans was too good for comfort. Every time he cracked loose he almost got somebody, and as serviceable men were scarce Captain Hays decided personally to remonstrate with this Indian.

He borrowed a rifle from one of his men, watched carefully until he located his man, wriggled his way to a proper vantage point and fired once. That ended the Indian, and soon thereafter the main bout came to a conclusion, with General Woll and what was left of his men beating a hurried retreat.

Captain Hays and his 200 men chaperoned this disorderly riot down to the Rio Grande, saw that as many as possible were deterred from making a safe crossing, and then for the next four years our hero led a life the record of which is entirely too hectic and variegated for us to endeavor to transcribe it.

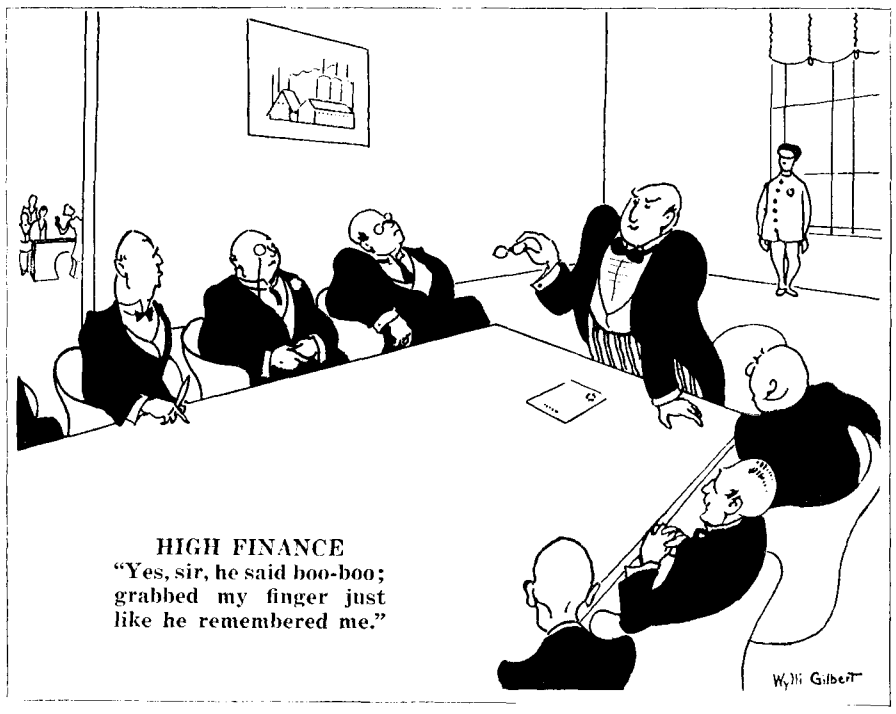
In 1846, just after the annexation of Texas, came the Mexican War and a colonel's commission for Captain Jack Hays. Thus, at the age of twenty-nine our young man, who had been Christianizing Comanches and converting Mexicans for ten years, found himself entrusted with the job of recruiting a regiment of 1,000 men and leading them into real warfare. He did this his own way. He recruited his own kind of men and led them after his own fashion, which meant, of course, that as colonel of his regiment he was always to be found at the front where the fighting was and never at the rear end of the column listening to the bad news as it came in by messenger.

Courtesy Before Killings

As soon as his regiment was formed Colonel Hays marched it across the Rio Grande, reported to General Taylor and was immediately assigned to advance scouting duty. In this position Colonel Hays led the American army down to Monterrey where, before the general attack on the city was begun, a body of Mexican cavalry came out to meet him.

Always courteous, Colonel Hays, just a young man of twenty-nine, remember, rode forward to meet the commander of the Mexicans, and bowed to him as a challenge to fight. The Mexican accepted the offer; two pistols cracked; one man rolled from his saddle; it was

(*Continued on page 50*)



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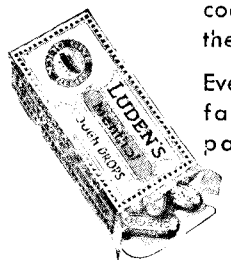

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(*Continued from page 49*)

not Colonel Hays; he was leading his own men in a charge, and the enemy cavalry was in full retreat back to the city.

Then followed the general engagement in which Hays and his men led the advance of General Worth's division. The Bishops' Palace, "a terrible stronghold, well fortified," was the key to the situation. Colonel Hays was ordered to take it. He saluted! "Follow me, men," he cried, and when it was all over General Worth was heard to remark that "Hays' men are the best light troops in the world," while an observer, who watched the battle, wrote: "The Texas rangers are the most desperate set of men in battle that I ever heard of."

Throughout the entire course of the Mexican War it was always that way. Hays and his men were more feared by the Mexicans than all the rest of the United States army combined, and to this day the majority of the Mexican people will tell you, as an unconscious tribute to the memory of Colonel Hays, that if Texas is eliminated Mexico can whip the rest of the United States without any trouble.

After Monterrey, where Colonel Hays and his rangers served under General Taylor, the command was sent to the city of Mexico for duty with General Scott. The story of the entry of the Texans into the ancient capital of the Aztecs, as it was written by an eyewitness, is worthy of reproduction:

"There arrived here recently the greatest American curiosities that have yet entered the city. They were the observed of all observers, and excited as much lively interest as if President Polk and the American Congress had suddenly set themselves down in front of the palace. Crowds of men flocked to see them (from a respectful distance, however) and women, affrighted, rushed from the balconies into the houses. Perhaps you would like to know who these terrific beings are. Well, they are nothing more nor less than Jack Hays and his Texas rangers, with their old-fashioned, maple-stock rifles lying across their saddles, the butts of two large pistols sticking out of the holsters, and a pair of Colt six-shooters belted around their waists, making *only* fifteen shots to the man. Do you think this was anything to be scared at? There are only 1,000 men in the regiment, so they have only 15,000 shots which they can discharge in from eight to ten minutes when at a charge!

No Guards Required

"The Mexicans believe them to be sort of semi-civilized, half man and half devil, with a slight mixture of lion and snapping turtle, and have a more holy horror of them than they have of the evil saint himself. We have several times been asked by some of the inhabitants if the Texans will be allowed to go into the streets without a guard over them."

It was the Mexicans, however, and not the Texans who needed guards. The Texans got along nicely without them, attended fandangos, drank pulque, kept their hands in by killing an occasional hombre, and finally, one morning after two Mexicans who had thrown rocks at the rangers had been bumped off for their impudence, General Scott sent for Colonel Hays and told him his boys were much too rough.

"Those were my orders, sir," responded Colonel Hays. "The Texas rangers are not in the habit of being insulted without resenting it, and I, sir, am willing to be held personally responsible for this affair." That settled that. Nothing more was said about the demise of the pair of rock tossers, but a few days later the Texans were sent out into the surrounding territory, where they could find something appropriate upon which to release their energy.

For several months then Hays and his men rendered the same service to the Mexican government that they had for years rendered to Texas. When the rangers went out into the field, the hills in the vicinity of the city of Mexico were literally infested with bandits, but when they went back to the States they were decorated with a large number of newly-made graves.

Back in Texas, in 1848, Colonel Hays endeavored to retire to private life. But he couldn't do it. Almost as soon as peace was declared the Federal government in Washington—which had plenty of troops of its own but didn't want to run the risk of having any of them lost or injured—requested Hays to go out into the wilderness and establish a trade route from San Antonio to Chihuahua. He saluted and did so.

He broke through a country that had never before been traveled by white men; had a lot of trouble, and so did a lot of Indians from whom he rescued an American boy who had been a captive for years. Finally, on foot, he got back to civilization. The route he located was used for many years and millions and millions of dollars' worth of trade passed over it.

The Last of the Comanches

Again Colonel Hays went into retirement and again he was disturbed. This was in 1848, and the occasion of it was that his old friends the Comanches, having taken unfair advantage of his trip to Mexico and his road-mapping expedition, had returned to their old stamping grounds and were again making things lively for the settlers along the Medina.

In order to get rid of these pests a body of 200 men had been recruited and Hays was sent for to take command. He was like Julius Cæsar. He came, he saw, he conquered! He took his 200 men, led them against more than a thousand Comanches, and fought a running fight which, though it lasted but a short week, left behind bloody memories that will endure forever. Hundreds of the Comanches were killed, and the rest of them, taking with them their horses, dogs, squaws, papooses, and other personal and numerous livestock, left that part of Texas and never again returned to bother the settlers.

Shortly after this Hays himself left the country for which he had fought continuously for ten years, and which had rewarded him so bounteously for his services that he didn't have money enough to buy a ticket to take him around to California by water. Instead, therefore, he went by land. He crossed the southern desert in a prairie schooner; got to Yuma without a dime in his pocket; had to do manual labor to pay to have his outfit ferried across the Colorado, and then when he got to San Francisco the tune changed.

Peace Brings Profits

Truly "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country." In San Francisco Hays was greeted in accordance with his merit. His record was well known to the fighting men on the coast, and his advent into the turbulent life of the city of the Golden Gate was the occasion for large rejoicing. The town needed a sheriff, a real sheriff, and hence our hero had hardly hung up his hat before he found himself elected to the office. It is totally unnecessary to say that he held down the job. He took the control of civic affairs out of the hands of the Vigilance Committee, which had been hanging men to see 'em kick, and ran things according to a fair and square Hays method.

A year or two went by. Sheriff Hays' record was as clean as a hound's tooth and in recognition thereof the governor appointed him to the more important office of state surveyor. He held this position for a long time, and finally, because of his acquired familiarity with California land titles, he saw his chance. He bought up an old Spanish grant covering a large part of the present city of Oakland; he held on to it, and in 1883 he died a very wealthy and highly honored citizen.

If Jack Hays, not one tenth of whose exploits we have noted, had only hired a bookkeeper with a rat-tail file to nick his gun for him, or kept a press agent, what an interesting character he might have been!

"Say, boss, do you happen to have an extra hunk of chewin' tobacco on ya?"

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Sacrifice Hit

Continued from page 8

other. I am the owner of this club. My horologist, Madame Cadum, told me just before I left Los Angeles that this is the year when I have but to exert my will to come through triumphant—and I intend to have my way."

The Kid gritted his teeth. He wanted that game, and needed it, and was counting on Lefty Haskell to outsmart the Yanks.

"O. K., lady," he said.

Butch Spreckles thought the Kid had a leaky steeple when the Kid told him to go in and pitch. The Kid snarled:

"Boss's orders."

Butch was a good ketcher. Still is. For a ketcher, he didn't do so bad on the mound. In the first inning he didn't give the Yanks a single. They all hit the ball out of the lot, or anyway against the fence. When they'd batted around once, McBee turned to Mrs. Breen and said:

"Well, they've only nicked Butch for seven runs so far; but he looks a little tired, so I guess a nice cold shower would do him good."

"What's seven runs?" said Mrs. Melba Breen. "Our boys haven't had their turn yet. Miss Goodge told me that at the 'Y' the girls often made twenty runs in one batch."

"They must be better hitters than the Wolves—"

"Gardenias, please."

"Oh, all right."

THE Yanks finally got out, by mistake, and Butch came back to the bench, red and sweating.

"You poor boy," said Mrs. Breen. "Better luck next time. Now I've an idea for you. If you throw the ball high where they can't reach it, they won't hit it so far."

"I'll try that," said Butch.

McBee managed to slip a few words into Butch's ear, so after the third Gardenia popped out to Gehrig, Butch fell down and threw a lifelike faint and was carried to the clubhouse.

"It's the heat," said McBee. "Butch is really an Eskimo. Got him from the Arctic League. Ain't used to our weather yet."

McBee sent Lefty Haskell to go in and finish what was left of the game, and Lefty held them to three scratch hits but the Gardenias never caught up.

Mrs. Melba Breen sat beside the Kid on the bench next day. She had on a new lavender outfit, to go with the new bench. It even had curtains on it.

"Whom shall we pitch today?" said Mrs. Breen.

"How about Butch Spreckles?" said McBee.

"Oh, no. It's too hot for him, poor dear," said Mrs. Breen. "Suppose we let that graceful young man out there pitch for the Gardenias."

"Which one?" asked McBee.

"That strawberry blond," said Mrs. Breen, pointing at Waite Hoyt.

"I wish we could," said the Kid, "only he's promised to pitch for the Yankees this afternoon."

"Maybe he'd pitch for us tomorrow then," said Mrs. Breen.

"Oh, sure," said McBee. "It could be arranged. All I'd have to give for him would be our infield and the union depot."

"His uniform is very smart," said Mrs. Breen, "and he looks like a nice, kind young man. Tell our boys not to hit him too hard."

"Oh, our boys won't do anything to make him feel bad," said the Kid. "They never do."

"Have we a pitcher whose name begins with P?" asked Mrs. Breen.

Nothing surprised the Kid by now.

"Well, there's Porky Prentiss," he said.

"Splendid. He'll pitch today."

"But, lady," said the Kid, "Porky is noodle-soup for the Yanks. He's strong against the Indians or Senators or Tigers, but the Yanks is poisoned clams to him."

"Ah, but today will be different," said Mrs. Breen. "I cast my horoscope this morning, and it said that P will be the dominant letter today."

"I hope the Yanks know it," said McBee.

Well, the Kid couldn't curse and ride and drive his team in his usual way, with her sitting right there, and Waite Hoyt had always been a jinx, and Porky Prentiss had always been soft pickings for the New York sluggers, but do you know what happened? The Gardenias won that ball game. That's baseball for you. The Yanks slammed Porky's submarine ball hard, but hit into three lucky double plays, and Hoyt just wasn't right and the Gardenias got to him for enough bingles to skin home ahead of the Yanks.

What could the Kid say? His team was all rattled, because the fans in the bleachers were calling them daffydills and lilies of the valley and even pansies, but a win is a win, whether you deserve it or pick it out of a dream book. The Kid feels almost as bad as if he'd lost. He has an awful feeling that maybe there's something more to this dame and her hunches than meets the eye.

In the ninth, Mrs. Breen was all beams.

"Our boys play nicely, in spite of their costumes," she said.

"What do you mean—'in spite of their costumes'?" asked McBee.

"Of course, being a man, you haven't noticed how unbecomingly they're dressed," she said.

"They look O. K. to me," said McBee.

"Oh, you men!" she said, and gave him a playful dig in the ribs.

The team was wearing the regular home unie, nothing very snappy, a sort of dull gray, with black stockings, and a black wolf on the chest.

"I'm sure we could provide them with something more fetching," said Mrs. Melba Breen.

"They look O. K. to me," said McBee.

"Yes, I must give the matter thought," she said.

"Go ahead," said the Kid, not paying much attention. He was winning and that was all he cared about. He was happy, almost. That win meant that he was still in first place by an ant's eyebrow.

NOW if this was one of those baseball stories you see in the magazines, written by guys who don't know a knuckle-ball from a roundhouse curve, it would go that this Mrs. Melba Breen followed the tips she got from the tea leaves, the cards and the dames that tell your future by adding the number of freckles on your neck to your birthday and subtracting your collar size, and hunched the Gardenias through to a pennant. But life ain't like that. I'm telling you what really happened.

She sat on the bench the next day and helped the Kid in a double-header against the Yankees. One of her ideas was to have the Gardenia pitchers toss 'em up easy to Babe Ruth because he had such a boyish face. Another was for the Kid to signal all his runners to steal, no matter how many were out, because, she said, the crowd liked to see the boys slide, and she believed in pleasing the paying customers. And she said to every batter, as he went to the dish:

"Now, do hit one of those thrilling four-base home-run hits, like a good boy. They're ever so much more exciting than those balls you hit along the ground to that cute Mr. Lazzeri."

She wouldn't let the Kid order them to bunt when there was a man on the bags to push toward home.

"Those little taps you call 'bunts' seem so petty," she said.

Well, the big Babe was so boyish that he slapped three out of the state, and the Yanks grabbed both games, and the lead of the league. If Kid McBee had happened to bump into Dempsey that night, there'd have been a new champ of the world. He had to content himself with eating two big steaks and licking three waiters and a taxi-starter.

MRS. MELBA BREEN, though, wasn't a bit bothered by the double dose of defeat.

"My planets just weren't favorable today," she said. "But don't be downcast, Mr. McBee. I've a nice surprise for you."

"I'm ready for anything," said McBee.

"Just wait till Monday," said Mrs. Breen. "You'll be so pleased. Be sure not to come to the ball park till just before the game starts. Promise?"

Usually the Kid was the first man on the lot, but that Monday he didn't stroll out on the field for the first game in a crucial series against the Athletics till the umps was about ready to sing out "Play ball!"

The Kid stopped dead. He thought, he said, that on the last case of stuff he ordered they'd made a mistake and sent him dye instead of rye. It looked more like a rehearsal of the Follies chorus than a ball lot. The ex-Wolves had on new suits, cut very nifty and fitting them well, but they were light baby blue, with pink trimmings, pink stockings and pink caps and on the chest of each was embroidered a big pink gardenia.

You never saw a more disgusted-looking lot of bozos in your life. They were slamming the ball at each other, sore as pups, but, well, a job is a job. McBee tottered to the dugout. Mrs. Breen was there, all pink silk and smiles.

"Aren't they too sweet for words!" she said.

They were too sweet for any words the Kid could think of just then.

The game began, and the Athletics were so weak from laughing at the new outfits that they could only score four runs in the first. The former Wolves came slinking back to the bench. You can imagine what a razz they were drawing from the crowd.

When they went to the bat, the Kid got another surprise. All their bats had been painted baby blue to match their unies.

"My idea," said Mrs. Breen, very proud. "Their sticks harmonize with their costumes. Harmony! Don't you love harmony, Mr. McBee."

"Crazy about it," said the Kid, very weak.

"I'm going to design some new traveling uniforms for them," said Mrs. Breen. "They'll be just as chic. Wait till the crowds in Chicago and Detroit see them."

"I can hardly wait," said McBee.

"Tell me, isn't that handsome young

(*Continued on page 52*)

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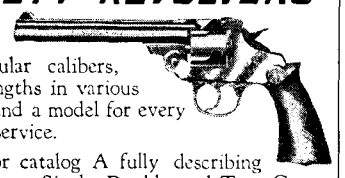
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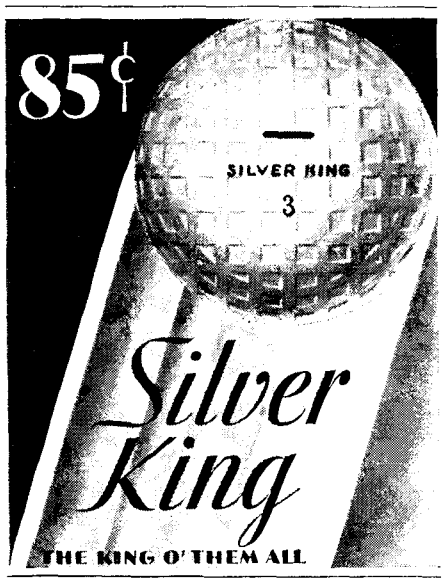

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(Continued from page 51)

man throwing the ball Mr. Cameron?" she asked.

"Yep. That's Ernie Cameron, one of Mack's college kid pitchers," said McBee. "Hope he works today."

"I've heard so much about him," said Mrs. Breen. "What a magnificent torso! And he looks refined, too."

"He ain't such a hell of a pitcher," said McBee. "I mean he's not so damn' good. I mean he's not so hot."

"But what a profile!" said Mrs. Breen. "So Grecian!"

She couldn't take her eyes off young Cameron, who looked like a pitcher in a college movie, and didn't pitch much better. But the Gardenias were so pestered by their new unies that they didn't smack him as hard as they should of, and the Athletics won, 12 to 4. McBee looked like he could eat railroad spikes like they were noodles.

After the game, Mrs. Breen said:

"I'd like to meet Mr. Cameron. To congratulate him, you know."

"The big stiff had his pants full of horseshoes," said McBee. He hated the Athletics, and being chummy with a club you're trying to lick wasn't in his book, anyhow.

"Oh, come, come, Mr. McBee, sportsmanship, sportsmanship," gurgled Mrs. Melba Breen. "I'm having a big motto painted to hang in our clubhouse. It reads:

" 'Go out and play the best you can,
But be each, brave lads, the Gentleman.' "

McBee dragged over young Cameron and she gushed:

"So glad to meet you, Mr. Cameron. I've heard such nice things about you. You threw superbly today."

"Thanks. Had a lot of luck," said Cameron, who has better manners than curves.

"Will you come to lunch tomorrow?" said Mrs. Breen. "I'm at the Raleigh Apartment Hotel, you know."

"I'd love to," said Cameron, and he turned to the Kid and said, "Your team looked lovely in their new uniforms. Mr. McBee."

IF THE Kid had had a bat in his hand, and there wasn't a lady present, there wouldn't have been any more Cameron.

She didn't come to the game next day and the Wolves-Gardenias almost won it. Young Cameron wasn't around either. But she turned up the next day and told the boys how to hit Bob Grove's pitching. Her idea was to wait till Grove threw a soft one and then clout it. He didn't happen to throw any soft ones that afternoon, and the umps got a lame tongue calling strikes. Of course the Wolves-Gardenias didn't get any runs, and only a couple of measly hits.

Also, they slipped out of second place.

Mrs. Breen said to the Kid:

"Couldn't you persuade Mr. Mack to let his team stay here and play another week?"

"Oh, sure, Connie would be tickled pink to," said the Kid, "only he promised to go to Chicago and a McGillicuddy never breaks his word."

The Gardenias entertained the Tigers next, and entertained is right. With Mrs. Breen around, Kid McBee was handcuffed and tongue-tied and couldn't lash his gang into playing ball, and the Detroits treated them like they was Vassar. The Gardenias were on the brink of the second division, and going nowhere, especially up. McBee was a wild man. But what could he do? A job is a job.

Then one night he ran across Hughey Keogh in what our old pal Sparrow Robertson calls a "thirst emporium." Keogh was an outfielder with the Orioles in the old assault and battery days, but reformed and became a cracking good lawyer. It was Hughey who drew up J. Waldo Cunningham's will.

"Old Cunningham," said Hughey, "had almost as high an opinion of women as you have, Kid, and he put in his will that the control of any part of his estate left to a female was to be vested in that female's husband—"

"BUT, blank it to blank, this Mrs. Melba Breen is a widow woman," said the Kid. "If there was a Mr. Breen, I could handle him. If he was married to that blankety dame, he'd be a human caterpillar. But, blank it to blank and back, she's a widow—"

"Well, she hasn't got a patent on that," said Hughey Keogh, "and she's a good looker with a roving eye."

"Listen, Hughey," said the Kid, "be a pal. Marry her yourself."

"Not me," said Keogh. "I'm game, but not that game. I'm paying two alimonies now, and I know something about women. They're all hard to live with, but those star-gazing dames are the worst kind of all. And I've talked with Mrs. Breen. She'd have me change my name to Florizel. Kid, the brave guy who married her would be cutting out paper doilies inside of six months—"

"But listen," said the Kid. "If you married her, you could run the Wolves, or, anyway, let me run 'em."

"And in the meantime I'd have to live with Mystic Melba," snorted Hughey. "Nothing doing, Kid. Ask me anything, but not that, not that. I'll commit murder for you—"

"That's an idea," said the Kid, brightening. "But, hey, wait a minute! I got a better one."

And he tore out of the speakeasy on a run.

He found Mrs. Melba Breen in her apartment reading a young dame's palm.

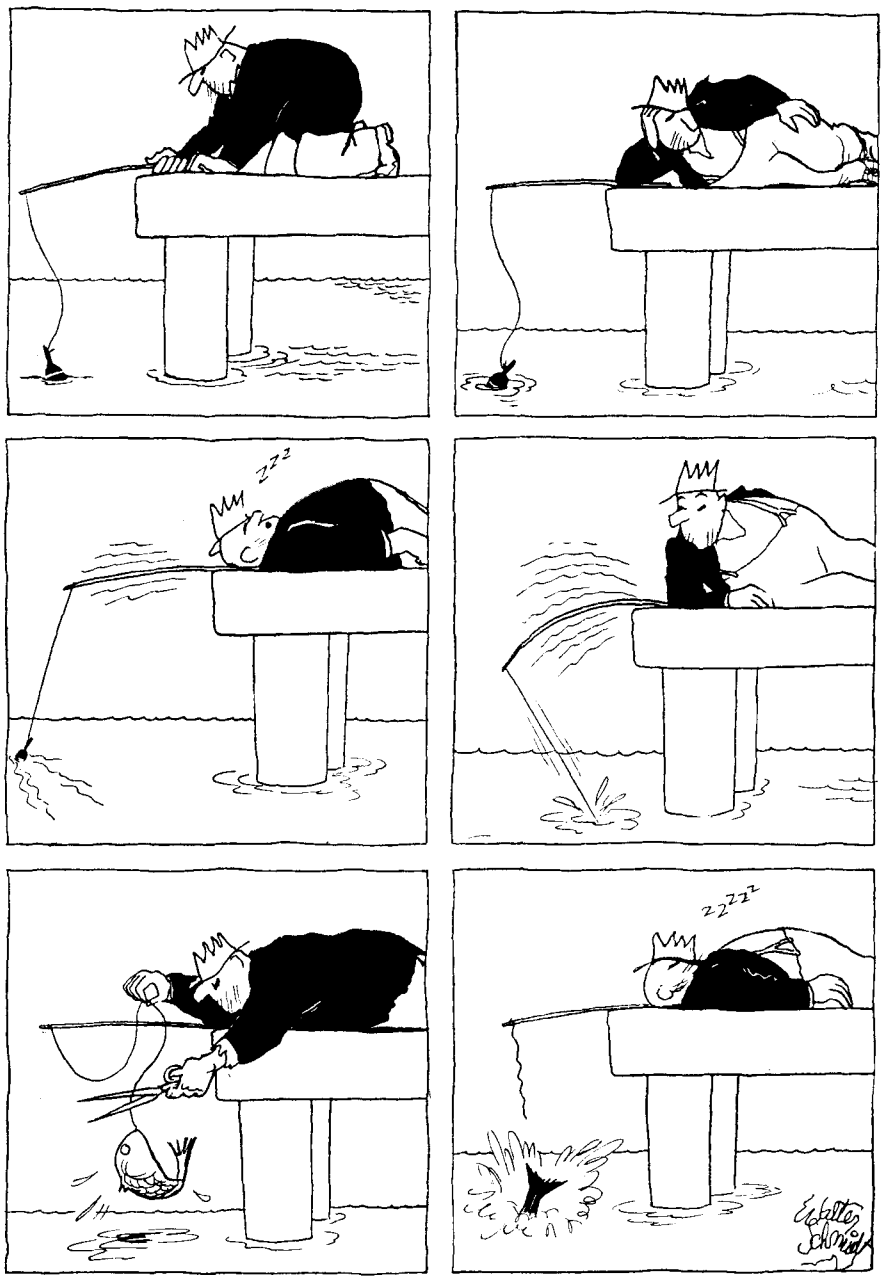
"How would you like to have Cameron work for us?" blurted the Kid.

"Now isn't that psychic of you, Mr. McBee!" said Mrs. Breen. "I was just saying to Maxine how nice it would be to have Mr. Cameron with us."

"I'll get Mack on the phone right away," said the Kid.

"Spare no expense," said Mrs. Breen.

Well, Connie Mack was too smart to think Cameron would ever be much of a twirler, but the old silver fox saw how bad the Kid wanted him, so Connie made believe he didn't want to part with the youngster. McBee's language melted the wires, but Connie held all the aces, and in the end the Kid had to part with Lefty Haskell, his best southpaw; Jigger Clancy, his crack shortstop, and Muldoon, who was hitting .344, to get Cameron, which was something like trading Simmons, Foxx and Cochrane for a Singer midget. The Kid knew that deal would wreck his club.



YOUNG Cameron showed up and Mrs. Breen clapped him into baby blue and shoved him in against the Senators right away, though Kid McBee tried to argue her out of it, and the Senators hit the handsome lad like lathers nailing laths.

But all she kept saying was:

"Isn't he marvelous? Look at that profile! It's positively Athenian, don't you think, Mr. McBee?"

The Kid grinned to himself.

"He's a dandy-looking boy, all right," he said. "He'd be a great thing to have around the house."

"I'm so glad you think so," said Mrs. Breen. "I'm very fond of Ernest."

"Don't blame you," said the Kid, warming to his work. "I'd pick him for a son-in-law, any day, myself. Not for a pitcher, mebbe, but for a son-in-law, yes. Oh, yes, indeed. He's got something, that lad."

He didn't mention what.

"You'll come to the wedding, won't you?" asked Mrs. Breen.

"Will I?" said the Kid. "I'll come and clap."

"It will be in about a month," said Mrs. Breen. "Just as soon as the planets are propitious for Maxine."

"For who?" said McBee.

"Maxine—my daughter," said Mrs. Melba Breen. "You remember her. You met her at my house the other night."

"Oh, yeah," said the Kid, "but where does she come into this?"

"Why, she's going to marry Mr. Cameron," said Mrs. Breen.

McBee could only goggle and stammer:

"But—I thought—you—him—"

She gave him a coy look.

"Oh, you funny man," she said. "Ernest is much too young for me. I like a mature, settled sort of man, myself."

THE Gardenia-Wolves tossed off a double-header to the Senators next day. Their ticket to the cellar was all made out.

That night the gang was in the lobby of the hotel where the bachelors hung out. They were ashamed to be seen on the streets, because the fans blew kisses to 'em as they passed. Out of the elevator stepped a guy and for a minute they didn't know him. It was Kid McBee.

Usually the Kid looked like he'd dressed for a fire. He wore a suit till it was condemned and he'd had the same black tie for three seasons, with the wick showing. He didn't care when he shaved and the last time he'd had a shine was while he was stewed at the World's Fair in St. Louis. But now he was done up like a window dummy in a trick college-cut suit, and had on a shamrock tie and shoes that shone like a brand-new sedan. He'd had about six dollars' worth of barbering done on himself, including his finger-nails even, and he gave off a rich smell of lilacs and violets. Under one arm he clutched a ten-pound trunk of two-dollar-a-pound candy, and under the other he had a bunch of red roses as big as a fire chief's trumpet. He looked full of wasps.

"Stepping out, Kid?" asked Slim Vorhaus.

I won't tell you what the Kid said. It would blister my mouth.

The Kid didn't tell me much more. He was sort of mum about the rest of it. But I certainly wish I had a talking picture of his courtship. Anyhow, three weeks later, when young Cameron married Maxine, it was a double wedding. They claim the Kid wore a silk hat and a gardenia in his buttonhole and that the wedding announcements called him A. Cosmo McBee. I didn't dare ask the Kid if this was true.

Well, his team finished fourth last season, but say, have you noticed the Wolves this year? They're on top of the pile and going strong, and they're the fightingest bunch in big-league ball today. I'm betting on them to cop. I saw 'em last time I was West. They've got dingy gray unies with a black wolf on them, and they look like a bunch of bums, but they certainly are playing baseball.

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Between Rounds

Continued from page 13

"Boo!" yelled the crowd.

The champion lay back in his corner with his eyes closed and when Jimmy asked "Okay?" he said: "Tired. Got the bellyache."

At the end of the third round, which was a duplicate of the second, the champion said:

"Can't hold this guy off much longer. Got an awful bellyache."

The crowd, however, hadn't noticed anything and sat waiting for the fourth round. They had never seen such perfect boxing before, and they were in awe of the tall, pale champion who seemed so bored.

NEAL did not come out with the expected rush this time. He stalled around clinching and hanging on to the champion, who was rapidly tiring. The champion tied him up in the clinches and tried to rest, but Neal struggled and wrestled and occasionally got a hand free. Twice he hit the champion over the heart and hurt him. The champion winced inwardly but his face was calm. Toward the end of the round he stabbed sharply with his left several times, then, with a quick shift of position, hit Neal three solid punches with his right. Neal staggered and his nose began to bleed. The crowd laughed and whistled.

But the champion was nearly through and lay back against the ropes with his eyes closed. He began to have regrets. Why hadn't he trained?

"Jimmy," he said, "tell Ben to make a deal. Give 'em five grand and a New York return."

Jimmy nodded. The bell rang and the champion stopped a violent rush with a long left but was carried to the ropes, where Neal landed a hard body blow. Swearing, the champion ran his glove up over Neal's face, hurting him with the heel. Neal backed away, then rushed in again but the champion sidestepped neatly, and landed three lefts without a return.

"Oh, this is awful!" yelled somebody and the crowd booed Neal, who was panting and stamping around the ring, his powerful right cocked.

Ben Busch sent a man over to Neal's manager. At the end of the fifth round Busch and Neal's manager were talking in the corridor.

"Tell him to lay down," said Busch, "and we'll see that he gets a draw. Joe's got the bellyache. Five grand in it and a New York return. That punk of yours wouldn't have the championship one month."

"Well—"

"That's it," said Busch, wiping his forehead and smiling with relief. "It means big money for you, see? You know Neal ain't no champion and he don't draw."

"Okay."

Busch hurried back to his seat. The sixth round was nearly over and Neal was wrestling the champion all over the ring. The champion, pale and haggard, was peppering Neal with lefts, but he had lost his steam. He was arm-weary and his legs were shaky. To the crowd he looked calm and bored. But he knew that he would be lucky if he could last three more rounds.

When the bell rang for the end of the round, the champion walked slowly to his stool and then lay back with his eyes closed.

"Well?"

"Busch says okay," said Jimmy.

The champion smiled and relaxed. He could stall through the rest of the fight if Neal took it easy.

But when the bell rang Neal's manager sent a man over to Busch. The man whispered:

"Neal won't do it. It's all off."

"My God," said Busch, his cigar dropping from his fingers.

The champion had his hands full. Neal, snarling, his face a dark red, was rushing him all over the ring. The champion was puzzled and clinched time after time. What was the matter with this dummy! Stopping a rush with a quick left, he winked at Neal, but Neal kept right on coming, swinging wildly and snarling. The champion was pulled forward by a sudden cramp and Neal hit him a stiff body blow. The champion went down on one knee, claiming a foul. There was a violent uproar. The crowd was for the champion.

"Throw that bum out," they yelled.

"Fouling a guy just 'cause you're getting licked," shouted a man at ringside.

But the referee had seen nothing. He counted over the fallen champion. At the count of seven the bell rang. Neal swaggered to his corner and glared at the booing crowd. The champion limped to his stool. He was in distress, and when Jimmy said "Neal won't stand for it, the bum!" he groaned.

All through the rest period the crowd howled and booed. Some men in the gallery stood up and shouted in unison: "The champion wins! The champion wins!"

Busch sat staring, his hands trembling, unable to make up his mind what to do.

When the bell rang Neal rushed the champion and carried him across the ring and into the ropes. The champion was bleeding from the nose and clinched frequently, grabbing his side from time to time to keep the crowd with him. There was prolonged cheering when he hit Neal with three rapid lefts and staggered him with an overhand right. But Neal kept coming. The champion was nearly out on his feet and his face was contorted with pain, real pain, but his head was working. In the midst of a rush, when the fists were flying and Neal was carrying him to the ropes, he dropped suddenly, grabbing his groin and writhing. Neal stood over him, staring blankly.

"Never touched him! Never touched him!" he said to the referee.

NEAL'S manager jumped into the ring and in a moment the ring was full. The judges were shouting to make themselves heard and the referee stood biting his lips, not knowing what to do. Sullivan, the promoter, terrified by the violence of the crowd, whispered something to the referee, who nodded and, pushing his way across the ring, raised the champion's hand.

The cheers from the crowd were deafening. Busch lit a cigar and began to caper about, shouting:

"Smart boy. Damn' smart boy."

Sullivan stood in the middle of the ring listening patiently to Neal's manager, who was shouting and waving his arms. Neal sat stupefied on his stool and paid no attention to his handlers, who were hissing insults at him.

The champion's handlers carried him from the ring and helped him down the aisle. Men reached out to touch him; others sailed their hats in the air and bellowed.

The champion smiled.

"Jimmy," he said, "take a good look at that bunch of bums. Them's the guys we get our money from. Ain't it awful?"

LE MOMENT SOLENNEL

[THE AWFUL MOMENT]

When you cannot get a taxi and must walk home from the "Bal Masqué" (fancy dress party) . . keep up your esprit (pronounced esprit).

be nonchalant . . .

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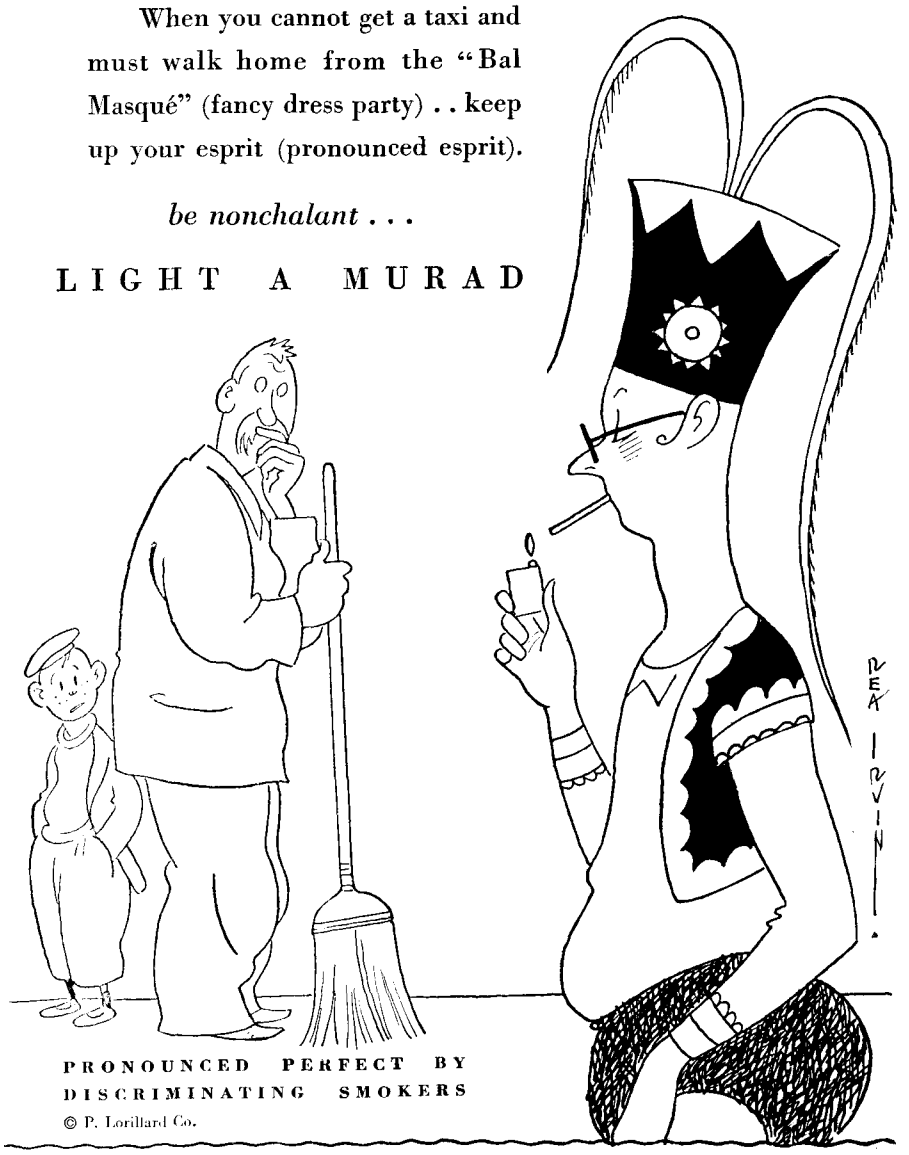

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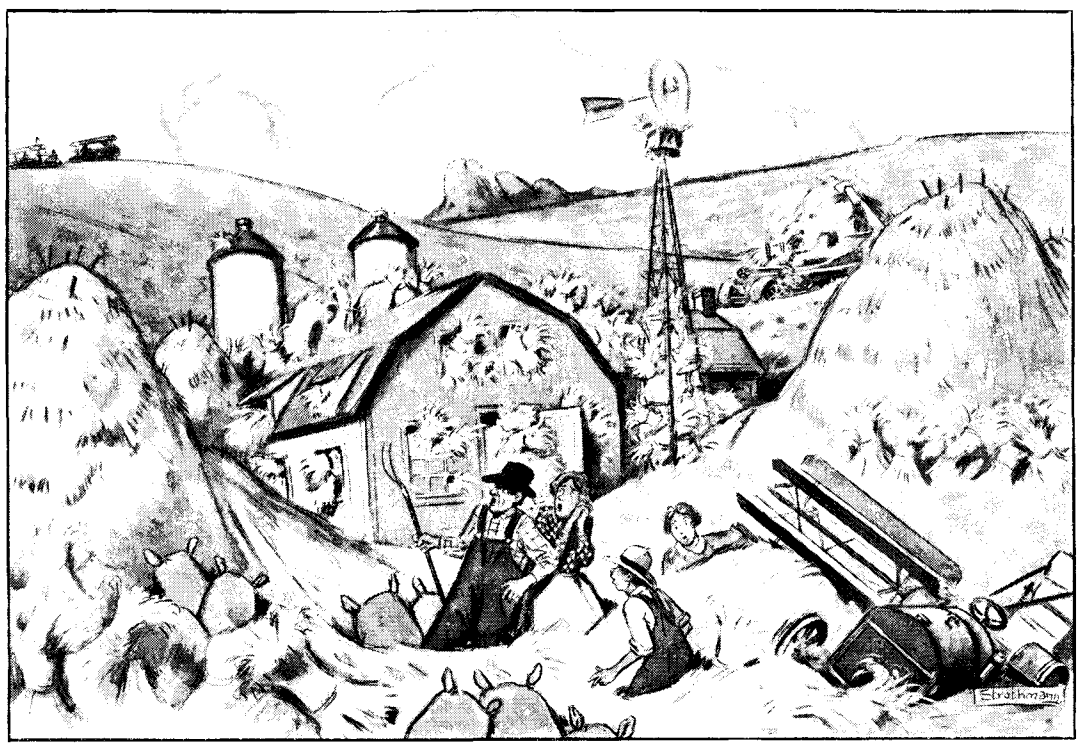
Too Much to Eat



WORRIED Spanish producers have asked their government to pay for experiments which may lead to the use of their surplus olive oil as a motor lubricant. Spain produces too much olive oil for the present market.

Coffee growers in Central and South America are feeling poor because of the collapse of the Brazilian plan for pegging prices. The coffee surplus proved too heavy a load to carry.

The British and the Dutch governments have had their own troubles over the rubber surplus.

When he was Secretary of Commerce, President Hoover sharply opposed the British plan to keep up rubber prices. American motorists are interested in cheap rubber and it was for us rather than for the British and Dutch growers that Mr. Hoover spoke.

Now as President he finds the shoe on the other foot. Our surpluses of wheat and cotton have led our producers to demand the same governmental interference which seemed so unsound when foreigners were attempting it.

The truth is that these surpluses of agricultural products are a world-wide problem. No nation which thinks only of its own domestic politics can hope for any lasting relief.

Agricultural science has taught us how to produce more than we have learned to consume. When a surplus of wheat, cotton, rubber, coffee, sugar or any other commodity occurs, prices go far downward. A rubber grower, a wheat farmer or a coffee producer may get for his crop much less than it cost him to produce it. He loses money when he sells, and yet he must sell.

So we have a situation in which various producers of essential goods are paid too little because they raise too much.

Business is a step ahead of agriculture but business has its own surviving problems. A manufacturer can and does estimate his probable market and restrict his production to what he thinks he can sell.

The manufacturer's problem is easier than the farmer's because of the existence of large corporations and holding companies. The corporation has established a certain orderly government in industry. It is not a perfect government but it is vastly better than the government which prevails in agriculture.

The four or five million men and women employed in the motor industry make only as many automobiles as their board of strategy decides is wise. Four or five million farmers make four or five million independent guesses and each plants what his judgment dictates. Here is economic anarchy in perfect flower.

Every alert government is eager to do something to help its growers who suffer because they produce too abundantly. Our own Federal Farm Board has vast millions of public money with which to help American farmers if anything practicable can be suggested.

One method has been found impracticable the world over. It is the politician's glib proposal of price-fixing. The Kansas politicians want Chairman Legge of the Federal Farm Board to buy more wheat until the prices rise.

That is no permanent solution. There isn't money enough in the world to buy all the surpluses at fictitious prices and to keep the prices pegged at unnatural levels.

Of course the American farmer and the Cuban sugar grower and all the other groups the world over, depressed by too abundant crops, are entitled to fair prices and reasonable profits. Nobody is going to get fair prices, however, until a rational control of production supersedes the prevailing anarchy.

Growers have got to solve their own problem in accordance with economic law. Production must be limited if prices are to be profitable.

Only the farmer, acting through a coöperative or some similar organization, can limit production. The sooner this lesson is learned the quicker will prosperity return to agriculture. Governments can help farmers to help themselves but governments cannot take over the whole responsibility.

He who Flies

WHEN the radio beacon, aviation's invisible lighthouse system, was first put into operation on the air-mail "graveyard run" between Cleveland and Hadley Field, New Jersey, two autumns ago, Tommy Nelson, of revered memory among flying men, carried an official east.

The weather was bad in spots. But whenever the ship got into "soup" the passenger thought of the wonders of science, looked confidently at his pilot's radio helmet and noted his intentness as he listened and flew.

They landed at Hadley. "How did you like it?" asked "Nelly." "Fine," said the official. "Splendid. When I felt nervous I was instantly reassured by seeing you sitting there listening to your beacon—" "Beacon?" said Nelly. "I was listening to the world series broadcast."

Safety Tax

WORKMEN'S compensation reduced work accidents. Injuries and killings which seemed to be inevitable began to be prevented when they had to be paid for out of insurance premiums.

Possibly the rising tide of motor accidents may be turned by a similar force. A committee of the Ohio Bar Association suggested recently the establishment of an automobile accident victims' compensation fund, maintained by a small tax to be paid by all automobile owners.

Much of the present accident loss is caused by drivers who are not insured and often not financially responsible.

The merit of the Ohio proposal is that it provides for the need of the hapless victims and their dependents.

Motoring must be made safe.

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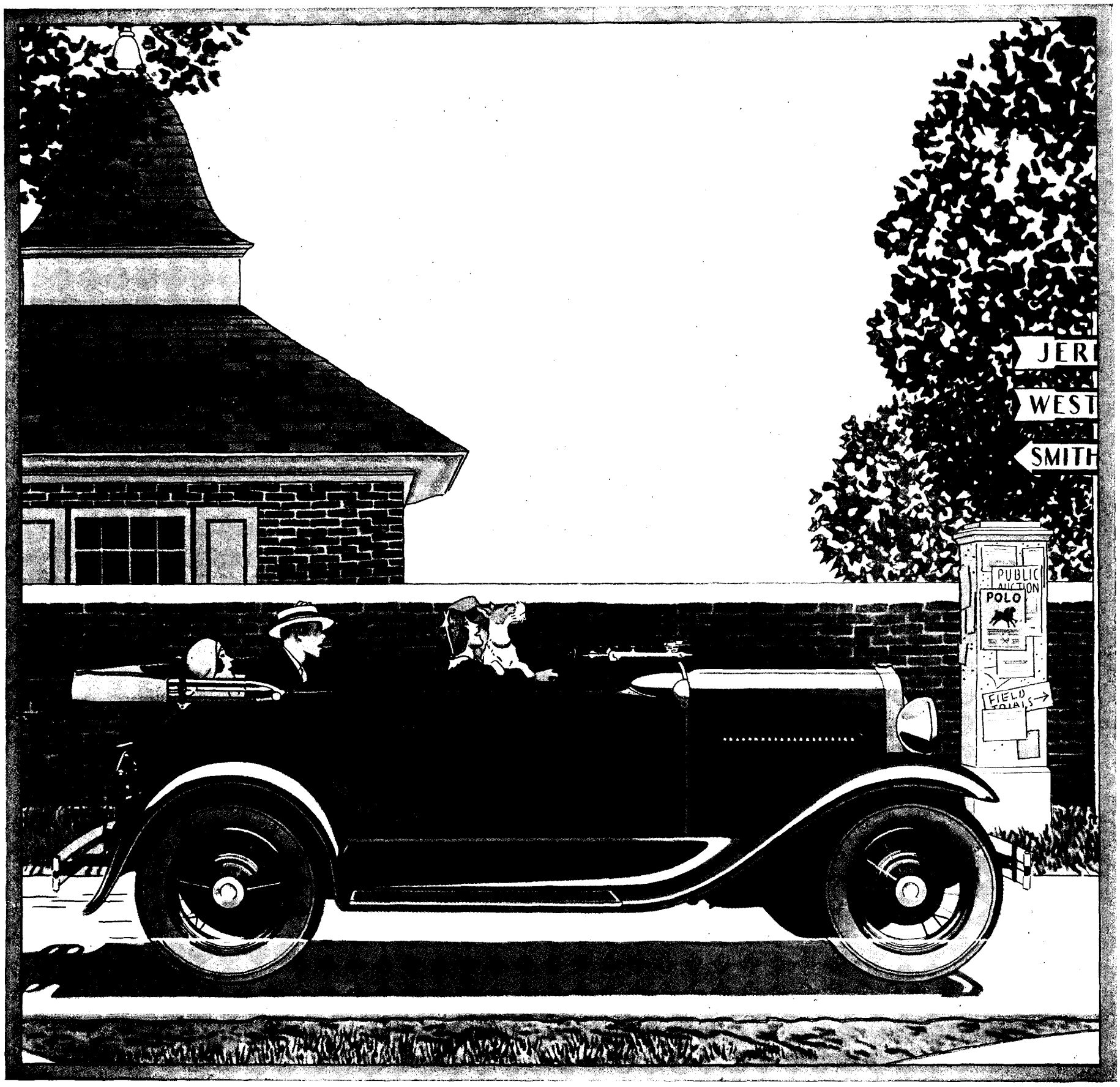

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Among its pleasing features are an adjustable front seat, folding windshield and windshield wings of Triplex shatter-proof glass and a side fender well for the spare tire. Upholstery and trimming are in keeping with the latest mode. The rear quarter is slightly depressed below the belt to receive the top when down, thus preserving the straight flowing lines of the car.

Ford

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